Based on the Shell-Tacular All-New Movie!

TURTLES FOREVER

The Movie Novelization

Adapted by Mitch Fletcher and Jamtaro Kujo

Based on the teleplay written by
Rob David, Matthew Drdek, & Lloyd Goldfine

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Mirage Studios, Fred Wolf Films, Playmates Toys
and 4Kids Entertainment present...

TURTLES FOREVER:
The RE-SHELLED Rewrite

Dedicated to PETER RENADAY and DAVID WISE

STARRING THE VOICES OF:
MICHAEL SINTERNIKLAAS
SAM RIEGEL
FRANK FRANKSON
WAYNE GRAYSON
DARREN DUNSTAN
VERONICA TAYLOR
MARC THOMPSON
KAREN NEIL
SCOTT RAYOW
GREG CAREY

and guest starring
CAM CLARKE
BARRY GORDON
TOWNSEND COLEMAN
ROB PAULSEN
PETER RENADAY
RENAE JACOBS
JAMES AVERY
PATRICK FRALEY
JENNIFER DARLING

with
JASON GRIFFITH
ADAM CAROLESON
SEAN SCHEMMEL
BRADFORD CAMERON
KYLE HEBERT

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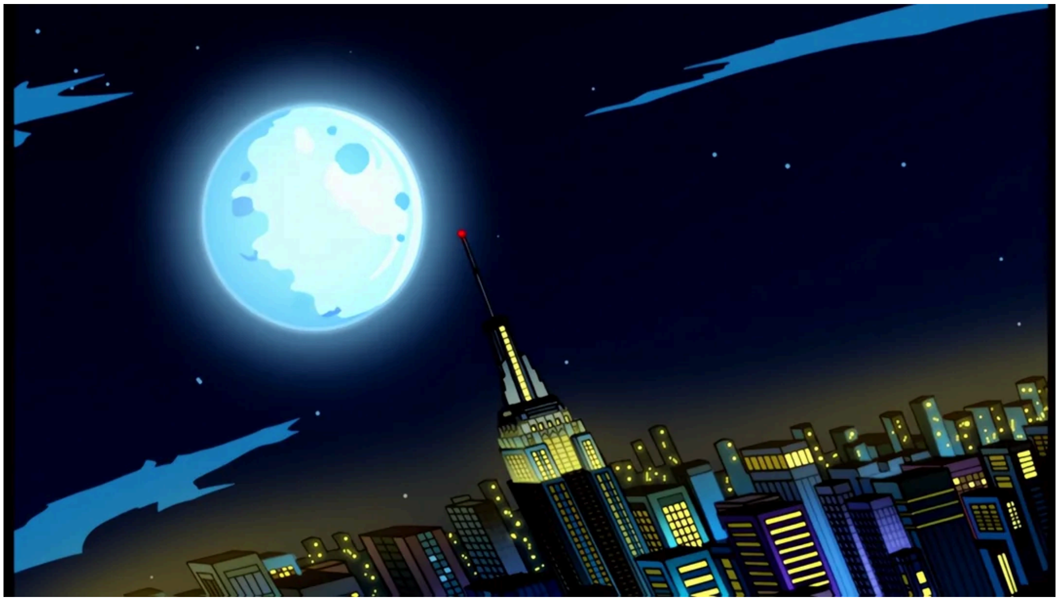
The TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES were created by Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird.

PROLOGUE:
New York City, New York
10:30 PM



A full moon hung in the skies over the City That Never Slept, framing an otherwise quiet night. Why otherwise, you ask? Because at the moment, a technology firm was being ransacked by the Purple Dragon Syndicate.

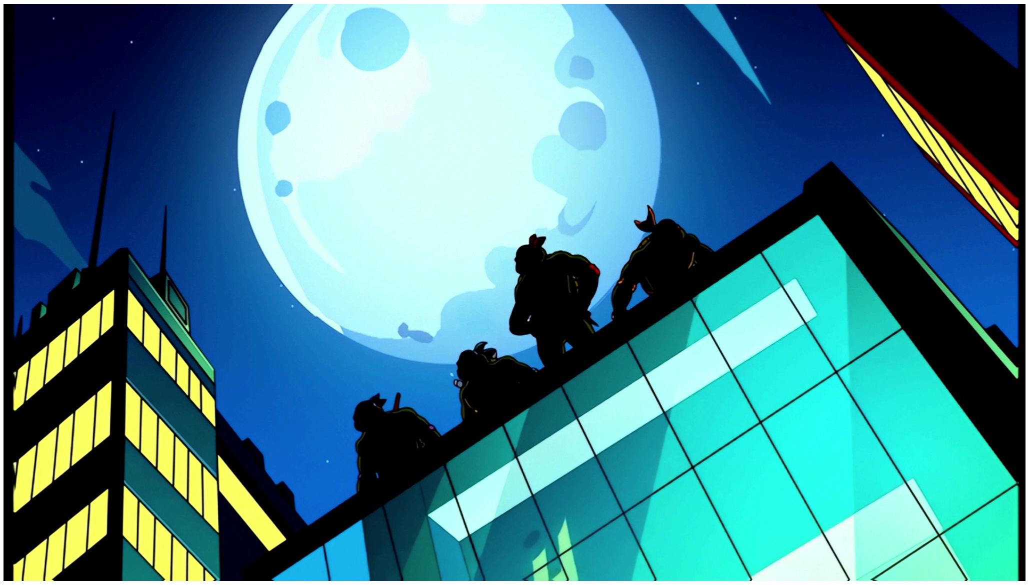
While the others were loading crates into a truck, an eyepatch-clad thug pulled out a communicator and activated it. On the projection appeared a tiny holographic image of the syndicate's leader, Hun.

"Boss, we're in," said the eyepatch-wearing guy, Scales.

"*Excellent*," smiled Hun. "…*and the goods?*"

"Tons of high-tech loot—just like you said, boss," Scales responded as more stuff was loaded into the truck. "Just like you said."

But as they were packing up and getting their things, from the top of a nearby building, four individuals peered out, their true faces obscured by the light of the moon.



Whatever their reason, they all realized that what was going on *had* to be bad. So naturally, they sprang into action and off the rooftop.

"LOOK OUT!" one of the syndicate's goons managed to shout, but his warning came too late—as the beatdown began...

END OF PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER 1: Double Turtle Troubles

CENTRAL PARK
MIDNIGHT

Down in the lair, Master Splinter was in the midst of watching another of his bizarre soap operas.

“*I’m afraid it’s true, Kincaid,*” said the actor on TV. “*I’m NOT your stepbrother—I’m your half-sister!*”

Splinter gasped in awe at this revelation; with soaps, you never could tell just how crazy things were going to get. Ah, the wonders of daytime television…

But before he could see anything further, the program was cut off.

“*We interrupt this program for a Channel 6 News Exclusive*,” said an announcer as the words **SPECIAL NEWS REPORT** blared across the screen.

The rodent sensei furrowed his brow. Now he wished he’d asked Donatello to hook this place up with TiVo when he got the chance. Still…this could very well be important.

“*There was a daring robbery earlier tonight at a high-tech Midtown laboratory,*” the reporter said as Splinter watched, his interest mounting. “*A nearby surveillance camera captured this image of four bizarre green creatures.*”

As the image appeared on screen, Splinter gasped. *Could it be*—?!

“LEONARDO!” As he called out, the blue-banded leader hopped from the top level and sheathed his katanas.

“MICHELANGELO!” Next came the orange-banded jokester, cruising into the lair on his skateboard.

“DONATELLO!” Third, was the purple-clad genius, who vaulted over with his bo staff.

"RAPHAEL!" Finally came the red-wearing bruiser, who somersaulted into the room and joined his brothers in the main area.

"You rang?" Mikey asked.

"I fear you have been careless tonight, my sons," warned Splinter. "The secret of our existence has been compromised!"

Don and Mikey looked visibly concerned from that.

"What—tonight?" asked Leo.

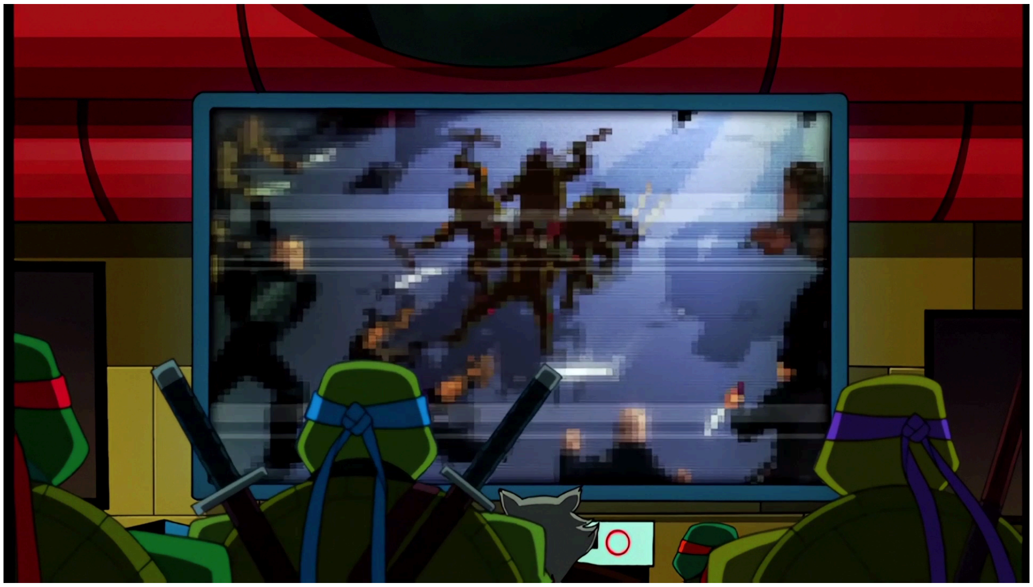
"I haven't been out," insisted Don. "Mikey?"

"Negatory!" Mikey replied as he hopped onto the couch.

"Master Splinter, we've been cooped up in here with you all night!" Raph declared.

"Then how in the world do you explain *this*?" asked Splinter, pointing at the TV screen. As the turtles took a look, they saw it for themselves.

"*The image of the four creatures is a bit grainy*," said the reporter. "*But even so, you can make out what appear to be four large turtles!*"



On the screen was, indeed, a pixelated image of what looked like four mutant turtles, bunched up back-to-back, squaring off against what looked like fearsome foes. All at once, the turtles gasped in collective shock!

“…it’s…it’s *gotta* be some kinda gag, right?” asked Raph, in disbelief.

Splinter raised a brow. “I am *not* laughing, Raphael,” he warned.

“But how could there be *other* mutant turtles?” asked Leo. “Last I checked, we were the only ones…*right*?”

As the reporter mentioned something about unusual seismic activity, Don flipped and jumped his way over to the computer and did some quick typing. “Here, I’ve got the image,” he said as his brothers joined him at the console.

“They *do* look like us,” mused Leo.

“Whoever *they* are,” chimed Mikey. “Who are they fighting?”

Don did some more typing, and zeroed in on one corner of the image—which had an all-too familiar dragon tattoo!

“The Purple Dragons!” Raph exclaimed.

“So Hun’s behind all this turtle-y fun?” inquired Mikey.

Just then, a secondary window manifested on the monitor, showing the face of the Turtles’ longtime friend, ally, and confidant, April O’Neil-Jones. “*Are you guys seeing this?*” she asked. “*It’s all over the news.*”

Leo looked at Raph, his determination clear. “We see it, April…” he replied as he led his brothers out of the lair. “And we’re going to get to the bottom of it!”

* * *

PURPLE DRAGON HEADQUARTERS
12:30 AM

Hun was heading down a hallway, flanked by Scales and Fang, the former of which was filling him in on their recent robbery.

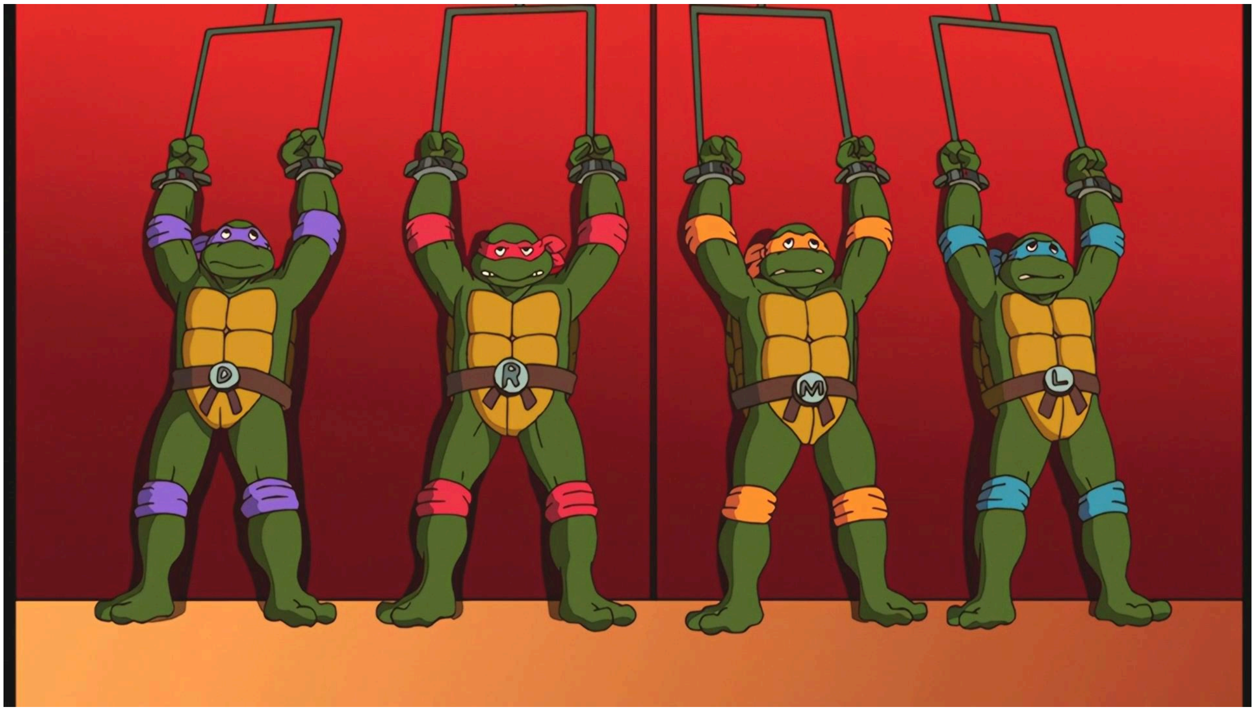
“It was a sweet score, boss,” he said. “We grabbed all kinds of high-tech goodies.”

As Hun walked with them, he swatted at a fly which was buzzing around his head.

“But the *real* prize is right in here,” Scales declared as he got to a large blast door. Leaning over, he opened the code pad and punched it in: **29467**. With a couple of beeps, the door slid open, and Hun and his cohorts stepped inside.

“We got ‘em, boss—we finally got ‘em,” said Scales as ten other Purple Dragons stood on both sides, while the lights gradually switched on. As the final light switched on, it revealed their captives. “Say hello to the Ninja Turtles!”

As Hun’s eyes focused, he caught sight of the quartet before him. They looked like the Turtles, but these weren’t the ones who’d made a habit of being a pain in his ass most of the time. These ones looked smaller…as well as rounder.



“…huh?” muttered Hun.

“You were expecting, maybe, somebody else?” asked the one who looked like Michelangelo, in a much more pronounced ‘california surfer’ tone. In fact, it sounded a lot more like Sean Penn.

“Uh…I don’t know who these *freaks* are…” Hun espoused. “…but they’re NOT the Turtles.”

“What, you wanted a band?” asked the Raphael lookalike, in a voice that was totally lacking in that usual Brooklyn-style roughness. “We haven’t done *that* since ‘91!”

The Dragons’ hulking leader began staring intently at the four reptiles, as Scales held a satchel and some weapons. “We found *this* on ‘em,” he said.

“Ninja-type stuff…right, boss?” asked Fang.

As Scales opened the satchel, revealing pill-shaped containers of glowing purple liquid, Hun looked curiously at the substance. It was clear that he was in need of some answers.

“For one, I’d appreciate it if you put down my satchel,” said Donatello’s lookalike. “And second, if you’re going to keep us prisoner, aren’t we owed our one phone call?”

Michelangelo perked up. “If that’s the case, I know who *I’m* calling,” he beamed. “Vinnie’s Pizza!”

“Michelangelo, this is no time to think about food!” chastised the Leonardo doppelganger. “We need to focus on escaping this problem!”

“*Mea culpa*, Leonardo,” Michelangelo apologized. “It’s tough thinkin’ about breaking out on an empty stomach!”

Suddenly, Hun grabbed Michelangelo’s head with one of his massive paws and leaned him close to the glowing vial he clutched between two enormous fingers. “What…is **THIS**?” he rumbled.

“Oh, that? It’s mutagen,” replied the Party Dude. “We fight you-know-who for that stuff a lot!”

Now Hun was confused. “You-know-who?”

“No, dude, I asked you first!” Michelangelo insisted.

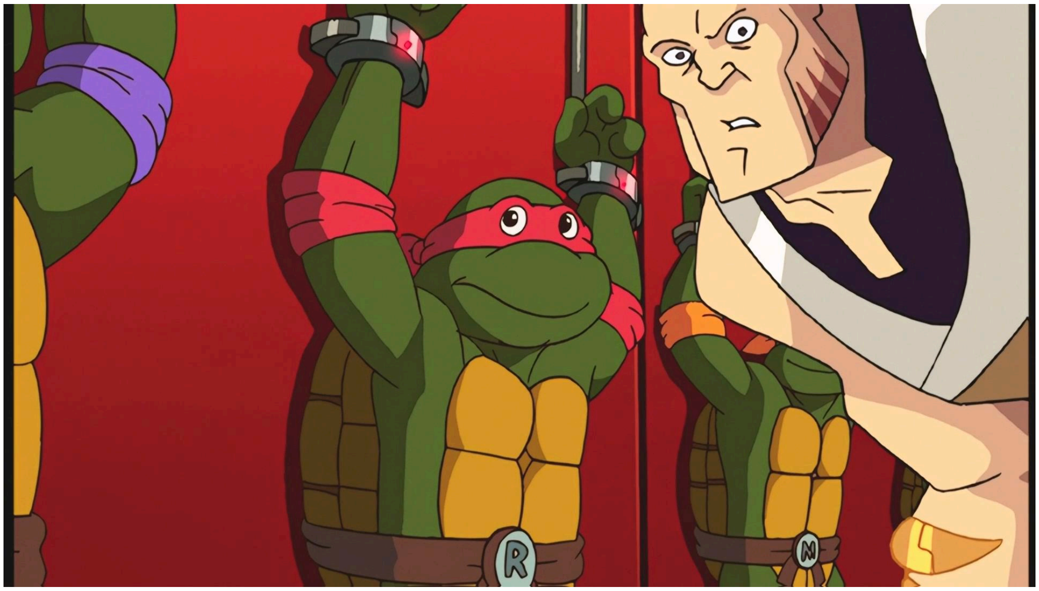
“You know, Bucket-Breath!” said Leonardo.

“Chrome-Dome!” Donatello added.

“Tin-Grin!” Raphael finished.

Now Hun was getting frustrated. “What are you freaks *talking* about?!” he bellowed.

Raphael chuckled. “We’re dealin’ with a real mind here,” he remarked to seemingly nobody in particular, prompting Hun to glance in the same direction, befuddled.



“Hel-lo, we’re talking about Shredder!” Leonardo explained.

Quickly, Hun made his way over. “What does *this* have to do with The Shredder?” he questioned.

“Like Michelangelo said, it’s just some mutagen we stopped Shredhead from getting his claws on,” explained Donatello.

His frustration replaced by curiosity, Hun shook the canister a bit. “Mutagen…?” he queried, unscrewing the top and taking a closer look. As he did, the fly from earlier landed on the rim and took a few sips.

“I’d be careful with that if I were you,” warned Leonardo.

Hun leaned his right hand over, and flicked the fly off the rim, knocking it to the ground. Suddenly, the fly began to grow, snarling until it was the size of a full-grown sheepdog! It roared and snarled, buzzing into the air, but was quickly knocked to the floor thanks to one punch from Hun.

Now that he’d seen what the mutagen could do, Hun was twice as interested. “This could *really* come in handy,” he declared, resealing the capsule. “Especially if the Shredder is back.”

Scales handed him the rest of the mutagen.

“Whaddo you want us to do with these guys, boss?” asked Fang, as Hun headed towards the exit.

“I’ve *already* got four turtles to worry about,” said Hun, waving his concerns off. “These are…*superfluous.*”

That was all the direction that Scales and Fang needed. “Alright, then,” smiled Fang, readying his blaster. “Nice knowin’ ya…Superfluous.”

The four new turtles swallowed heavily; Michelangelo and Donatello looked a bit nervous, but Leonardo and Raphael were ready to face certain doom with dignity.

“I can’t believe I’m goin’ out on an empty stomach!” said Michelangelo.

“Looks like our next stop is that pet shop in the sky, fellas,” Donatello gulped.

“What the—” exclaimed Hun’s voice from outside, before several blows were thrown. Minutes later, he was flung right back into the room, landing on several of his subordinates, while dropping the mutagen vial, which shattered on a punk with a ferocious dog.

As the no-name punk screamed in pain, four new visitors made their entrance, taking a combat-ready stance before the Purple Dragons.

“Hope ya don’t mind,” declared Raph. “But we let *ourselves* in!”

“Actually…” Mikey noted as he put his chuks down. “It looks like we’re already here!”

“Guys…” started Donatello. “Is it just me, or do those four look sort of like us?”

“Don’t flatter yourselves!” snapped Raph.

But this brief moment of levity didn’t last as the mooks pulled out their blasters, and immediately opened up with a hail of laser fire.

“That’s our cue!” Mikey exclaimed, and the Turtles sprang into action. Leapfrogging off of Hun’s back, Raph knocked two punks over with a double-kick, while Leo dodged another’s attack with tekko-kagi.

“Raph! Look out!” he called.

Immediately, Raph jumped to the left, while the other Raphael pulled himself up, narrowly avoiding some laser fire.

“Thanks, bro!” they exclaimed in unison. Raph shot a glare at his shorter counterpart.

“INCOMING!” Raphael shouted. Raph turned around, and was smacked across the room by Hun’s meaty fist.

While the other punks were still blasting, Don smacked one down, and Mike leapfrogged off another while knocking into a third. “‘Scuse me!” he called as he hopped over to his counterpart and took a good look. “Sweet…they got little initials on their belt buckles—like superheroes!”

Before Mikey could admire their looks any further, he quickly jumped out of the way of some incoming laser fire, which hit the Turtles’ restraints.

“Awright! We’re free as birds!” said Raphael.

“So then let’s fight like turtle doves!” Michelangelo responded. “Good thing those geeks didn’t grab my grappler!”

As soon as he spotted Fang, the wild-n-crazy-Turtle aimed and twirled his grappling hook before ensnaring the thug.

“Hey!” Fang exclaimed before getting yanked by the grappler, and falling on his butt, causing him to drop his weapon. Once he was disarmed, Michelangelo flipped, jumped, and snatched his nunchuks back.

“Thanks, compadre!” he called.

“Fascinatin’…” grunted Raph as he’d been knocked to the floor, with Hun approaching. “Little help here, Mikey?”

“You got it!” both Party Dudes exclaimed, much to their brief bewilderment.

“***COWABUNGA!***” exclaimed Michelangelo, as he swung one of his nunchucks like a bolo, then threw it at a nearby industrial fan, which broke free from the ceiling and came spinning down, knocking Hun away from his target. “Cool off, meathead!”

Mikey snickered at his counterpart’s quip. “Heh-heh…*cool off*, he says!” he remarked. Raph got to his feet, looking none too pleased.

“How about we make it a little more fun, then?” asked Michelangelo as he ran across the room, leapt up, and broke through Donatello and Leonardo’s restraints. Once they were freed, they didn’t hesitate to reclaim their weapons.

“Now I think it’s time we paid these guys back for turtle-napping us,” said Leonardo.

As he raised his katanas in the air, the four let out a rallying cry: “***LET’S KICK SOME SHELL!!***”

“How can ya not love these guys?” asked Mikey as he elbow-slammed another goon. Raph still wasn’t the least bit impressed, though.

Meanwhile, Leonardo sliced one of the goons’ blasters in half before kicking him in the stomach, sending him flying into another mook. “You shouldn’t play with guns!” he warned, wagging a finger at him, but darting away to avoid more laser fire.

Hun had grabbed a large slab of metal and nearly smashed Leo with it, but the leader in blue jumped away, and side-kicked the thug who was behind him, making him slam into the door. As it opened, more Purple Dragons came streaming in, unloading the heavy artillery.

Once more, Leo had to leap away, avoiding laser blasts, and Hun; as he slid off the wall, the lasers pierced holes in the wall, letting the moonlight shine through. Within seconds, a plan had taken shape. Leapfrogging off another thug, Leo got up to the wall and ran along it, letting the laser fire follow him until he jumped to the ground. Once he touched down, a loud ***C-C-C-CRAAAAACCCCCK!*** could be heard, and the wall came crumbling down.

As Raph and Don made a break for it, Hun turned around a little too late. The blonde bruiser could only scream in terror as the wall tumbled down upon him, with a tremendous ***CRASH!*** When the dust cleared, the Purple Dragons were buried under a mountain of rubble that had once been a wall.

“Now *that* was off-the-wall!” Michelangelo exclaimed.

“COME ON!” snapped Raph as he grabbed him and pulled him out through the hole. The other Turtles followed suit, the last of which was Donatello, who’d stopped to retrieve his satchel and the mutagen.

“Thanks for keeping an eye on it,” he said, snagging it with his *bo*, and sliding it over his shoulder. “But I’d better be going!”

Both Turtle teams left the building and took to the adjacent rooftops, heading into the night.

Chapter 2: Explanation Time

BIG APPLE
1:30 AM

Once they had gotten some good distance away from Purple Dragon headquarters, both groups of Turtles stopped on a rooftop.

“Alright…time for some answers,” declared Raph. “Who the shell ARE you guys?”

“I was about to ask you the same question,” insisted Donatello.

Raph jabbed his plastron with a finger. “Don’t get cute,” he snipped.

“Alright, bozo, I don’t care *who* you are, and I don’t care if you DID save our shells back there,” Raphael shot back. “If you want answers, then quit treating us like babies!”

“So ya wanna fight, short stuff?” Raph snapped. “Fine, bring it on!”

“Oh-ho-ho, *gladly*!” Raphael shot back, as he got into a combat stance, which Raph mirrored. Before either of them could come to blows, their respective Leonardos got between them.

“Raphael, stop it!” insisted Leonardo. “We’re on the same side!”

“Is that right, then?” asked Raphael. “Could’ve fooled *me*!”

“Raph, calm down, would you?” Leo insisted.

“No way!” spat the bruiser. “Pudge-ball needs a serious spankin’!”

“‘PUDGE-BALL’?” Raphael snapped. “This is all muscle—y’know, like your HEAD!”

“That’s enough, you two! Mikey, Donnie, hold him back!” Leo demanded.

“You better not, if ya know what’s good for you,” warned Raph.

"Sorry, bro," said Mikey, as he grabbed the left arm. "You've been outvoted!"

"Democracy in action," Don chimed in, grabbing the right arm.

The explosive turtle angrily scoffed at this before relenting.

"Look, we just risked our shells saving you from Hun and the Purple Dragons. I think we're entitled to some answers," said Leo.

Leonardo took point for his group. "You're right; we are eternally grateful for your help," he replied. "But we have our own questions that need answering."

"I assure you that if you cooperate, you'll get those answers," said Leo.

"Sounds fair to me," replied Leonardo.

"Then I believe we've reached an agreement," said Leo.

"You see, it all started when—" began Leonardo, before Don cut him off. "Sorry, but weren't there *four* of you a few minutes ago?" he inquired.

"Well, yeah," replied Leonardo before he looked behind and saw who was missing. "Wait a second…where's Michelangelo?!"

"Great," Raphael vocalized. "You turn your head for a *second*, and he pulls a vanishing act on you!"

"My guess? He must've slipped away when the fight started," Donatello commented.

"Uh, fellas?" asked Mikey, glancing over the side of the roof. "…I think I found your *me*."

There Michelangelo was, walking the streets in his famous hat and trench coat disguise while humming a tune that some of our sharper-eared viewers will recognize.

"*Growin' up in a glass bowl, with chameleons, lizards and tad-poles, it hardly enters your mind, that there's somethin' better than this…*" he muttered.

“That IDIOT!” Raph already had one foot over the edge. “I’m gonna kill ‘im!”

“Like heck you are!” Raphael retorted. “He’s *my* brother, so if anyone’s gonna kill him, it’ll be me!”

“Guys, we gotta knock off the fighting and focus on the real issue,” said Mikey. “...like where’d he get the coat and hat?”

Raph smacked his brother in the back of the head. ***THWACK!***

“Oww!” Mikey groaned.

“Alright, let’s go get him,” said Raphael, putting on his own fedora and coat.

“Are you sure you wanna run around in public like that?” asked Donnie.

“Well, if you’re so worried, don’t be,” replied Leonardo. “Our disguises have always fooled the humans.”

Donatello continued to look down at the people on the streets. “I wonder...”

“About what?” asked Mikey.

“I’ll explain later,” replied Donatello. “But tell me one thing: how popular are you guys in *this* New York?”

Raphael and Leonardo glanced at each other. “*This* New York?”

“You see, where we come from, half of our New York is on our side,” Donatello explained. “The other half switches between considering us a threat or a menace.”

“We’re not *that* popular,” Don responded, catching on. “Only a handful of humans are on our side. If your brother got spotted by the wrong—”

“Then we’d better move quickly,” said Leo. If someone like Bishop or Karai caught wind of their newfound doppelganger’s existence, there would be trouble.

“Say no mo’, bro,” replied Mikey. “We’re good to go!”

As they got ready to leave, Donatello looked contemplative as he rubbed his chin, lost in thought. His theory wasn’t finished. Not yet.

MEANWHILE, AT STREET-LEVEL…

Michelangelo continued on his way, ignoring the curious looks he was getting from passers-by on the street.

“Now, if this city never sleeps…by that logic, neither do the pizza guys!” he said to himself, as he kept on sniffing around.

Soon his long trek came to an end when he reached the end of the block, and with it his destination!

“*Jay’s Pizza*?” Michelangelo’s eyes roved over the sign. “Must be a new place…”

So he headed indoors. Inside, a few people waiting spotted him and freaked out, before they ran for their lives.

“Bodacious! No line~!” gushed Michelangelo, approaching the counter and the chef behind it. “I’ll have one gigundo-pizza, with chocolate fudge, whipped cream, sausage, and clams!”

Whether it was because of seeing a four-foot turtle in a trenchcoat, or because he’d been given a pizza order *that* ridiculous, the chef immediately dropped the pizza he was holding, and ran screaming from the restaurant.

Before the pizza hit the floor, Michelangelo snagged it out of the air. “Must’ve been out of fudge,” he shrugged. “Oh, man…the guys are probably gonna be sore at me for takin’ off!”

As he eyed the stove, and the dough next to it, an idea began forming in his brain.

“Then again…”

* * *

TEN MINUTES LATER…

Michelangelo was at a table, helping himself to the fruits of his labor when he overheard the back door opening. As he looked up, he saw his brothers approaching from the kitchen.

“Hey, compadres!” he waved. “Wanna sit down and dig in?”

“Sorry, but we’ll have to take those to-go!” replied Raphael as he snatched up a few boxes.

“Hey, what gives?” asked Michelangelo.

“We’ll explain later; right now, we need to get out of here before—” Donatello started, before being cut off by the sound of police sirens. It didn’t take the turtles long to recognize it.

“Uh-oh!” said Leonardo. “The boys in blue! Let’s slip out the back.”

Michelangelo sprang to his feet, and put a few bucks on the table before he grabbed the remaining boxes, then followed his fellow turtles to the back door.

As they exited, they were herded into what looked like a souped-up garbage truck.

“Is this your Turtle Van?” asked Leonardo as he climbed in. “…it’s very sleek.”

“Uh, thanks,” replied Don. “But we’d better get you guys to the lair so we can get that explanation.”

“In the meantime, you guys want some?” asked Michelangelo, offering one of the pizzas he’d made. “Plenty to go around!”

Mikey was the first to accept the offer. “Hook a turtle up with the good stuff!” he exclaimed, snagging one of the boxes.

Raph groaned. “And here I thought *one* Mikey was enough of a pain…” he groused.

"Dude…is this *fudge*?!"

"Yup!"

"…oh. My. *GOD*~"

* * *

RESERVOIR LAIR

2:15 AM

Once the van was parked, both turtle teams disembarked and headed inside. When they entered, the smaller Turtles were, for lack of a better word, astonished.

"…this place is tremendous!" exclaimed Leonardo.

"No kidding…makes our lair seem like a shoebox!" Raphael chimed in.

"Oh, dudes! Wonder what kinda videogames they got around here?" pondered Michelangelo.

"Not to mention all the state-of-the-art tech!" exclaimed Donatello, eyeing the massive computer.

"We'll give you all the full tour later, but right now there's someone that wants to see you," Leo announced.

Upon being addressed, the shorter turtles all turned around, when their eyes fell upon…

"Master Splinter?!"

Now Splinter was perplexed. "…you know me?" he asked.

"Well, yeah," replied Michelangelo. "But…"

"Did you get a perm job or something?" asked Raphael.

“Guys, it’s just what I’ve theorized,” said Donatello. “And this confirms it. Haven’t you noticed that everything’s been looking a little different?”

Leonardo pondered. “…hey, yeah! Ever since that big explosion, New York just hasn’t been the same,” he replied.

Don raised a brow. “Explosion?” he inquired.

“Well, yeah, during our latest battle with Shredder,” replied Raphael.

This grabbed the taller Turtles’ attention even more. “…the Shredder?” mused Leo.

“Perhaps it would be best if you started from the beginning,” encouraged Splinter.

Leonardo pondered, but he did comply. “Well…we were mixing it up inside the Shredder’s ultimate weapon—the Technodrome,” he began, remembering the events in his head.

[NOTE FOR VISUALS: During portions in the Fred Wolf universe, the aspect ratio shifts to 4:3, and the background has just a *little bit* of film grain to it.]

As the people of New York fled for their lives from the encroaching battle fortress, deep within, Shredder cackled wickedly, as he brandished the vials of mutagen he’d received, Xpress-delivery from Dimension X.

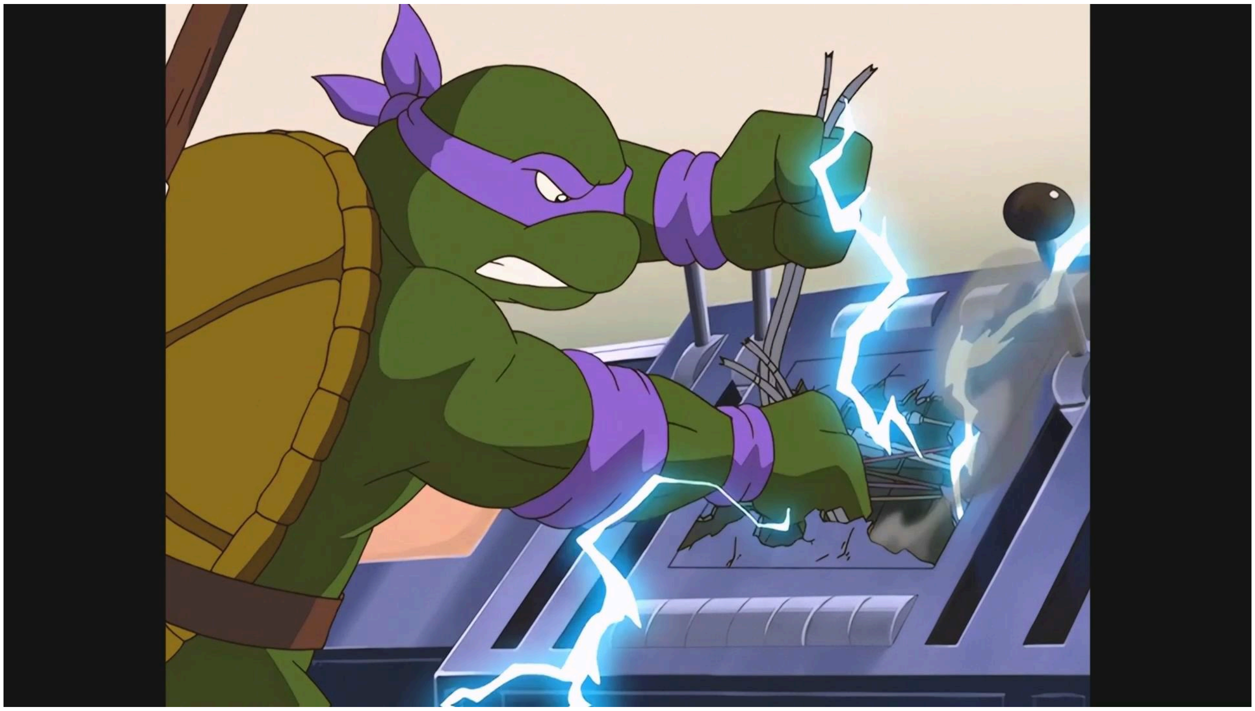
“Try and take them if you can, you terrapin twits!” he declared.

*“Oh, you better BELIEVE we will!” called Raphael, as he and his brothers sprang into action. “**GO, GREEN MACHINE!!**”*

Donatello pulled out his bo staff and grabbed one end, with Leonardo grabbing the other. Together, they slammed into Shredder, running back, and pushed him off, sending him flying and making him lose his grip on the mutagen vials.

As the other Turtles snagged the vials, inspiration struck Donatello. Quickly, he somersaulted over to the Trans-Dimensional Portal’s control panel.

"Now, for a little creative re-wiring," he declared as he punched through a spot on the dashboard and began to reconfigure the system. "I just hope they haven't had the time to patch that backdoor from the first time I did this..."



Suddenly, the entrance doors slid open, and in came Bebop and Rocksteady, along with a squadron of gun-toting Foot Soldiers.

"Hey, look, Rocksteady—it's one a'dem toitles!" snorted Bebop.

"He looks more like a sittin' duck ta me!" said Rocksteady as he aimed his blaster. "And I like my duck EXTRA-CRISPY!"

All at once, the mutants and the Foot Soldiers opened fire, and Donatello had to resort to some serious fancy footwork to avoid getting laser-flambeed. But then, one of the blasts struck the control panel, causing it to crackle, sending out an electrical charge that rattled through the Technodrome.

Immediately, Shredder rounded on Rocksteady and Bebop. "You moronic mutants!" he shouted. "What have you done?!"

The two mutants gulped heavily. "It wuz DEIR fault!" they exclaimed, pointing at the Foot Soldiers.

*Within minutes, the Technodrome was completely engulfed in an energy wave—***KA-SHWOOM!—***and then it completely vanished!*

[END FLASHBACK.]

"The next thing we knew, we were back in the city," finished Leonardo.

"And then we were gonna start looking for death on wheels, but then we got ourselves mixed up with some scuzzbuckets," added Raphael.

"Hun and the Purple Dragons," nodded Leo.

"After everything we just experienced, guys, I'm afraid to say this…but I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore," Donatello responded. "…at least, not *our* Kansas, anyway."

"Dude…" said Michelangelo, putting a hand on his brother's shoulder. "Are you saying…?"

"I'm saying that the Technodrome's trans-dimensional portal zapped us all to a different world!" Donatello answered.

"Swell!" Raphael scoffed. "Remind me to thank Tin-Grin and the Brainless Boys next time we see them."

"And this Shredder of yours…" Leo asked. "He's here, too?"

"Highly likely," replied Donatello. "After all, we weren't the only ones who got caught up in that explosion."

"Our path is clear," concluded Splinter. "Together we must find this 'techno-drome'. It may be the only way to get these four home."

"Well…we can start searching in the morning," yawned Leonardo. "It's been a long night, that much is for sure."

“I agree. We should all get our rest, for tomorrow will be a very busy day,” said Splinter.

Raph sighed as he headed up to his bedroom. “The sooner, the better,” he muttered to himself.

Chapter 3: A Gross Encounter of the Shredder Kind

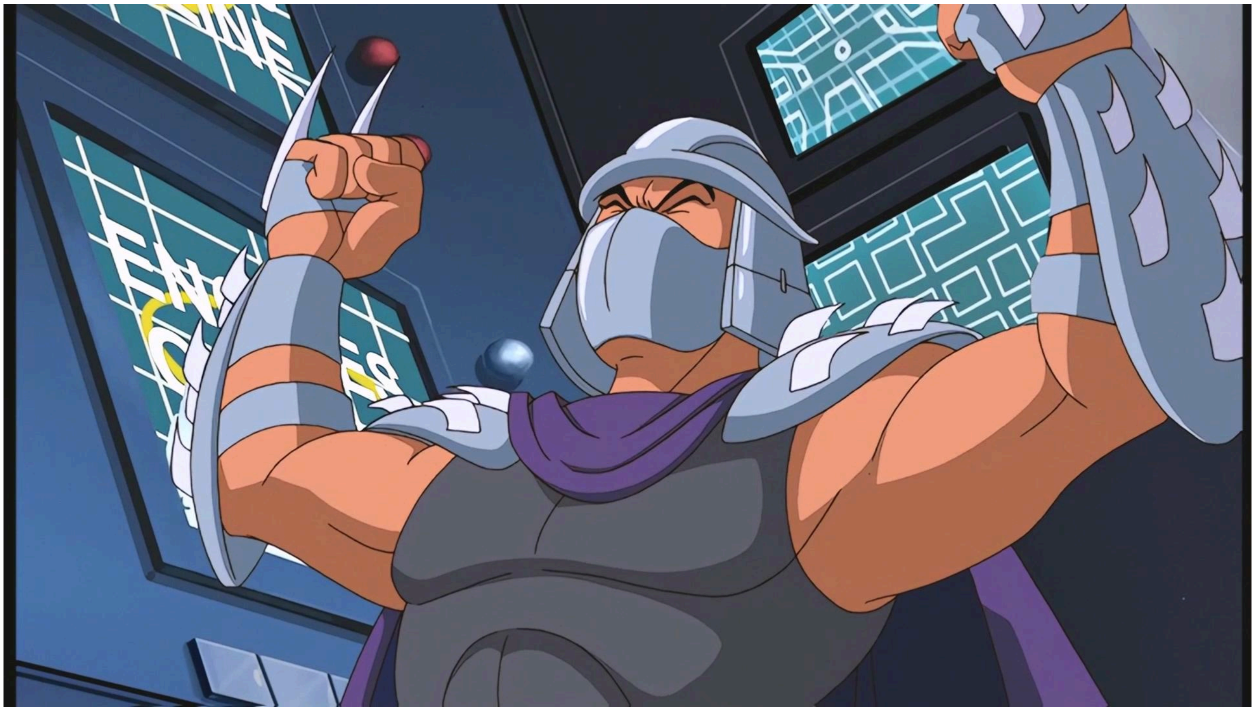
THE NEXT DAY, FAR BELOW THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN…

In a subterranean cavern, there sat a massive, spherical vehicle with a single cyclopean eye mounted atop itself. Its surface was plated with three-foot-thick titanium armor, and it possessed huge tank treads. This…was the Technodrome.

And for the time being, it wasn't going anywhere. *Rrrr…rrrr…click-click-click…rrrr…*

PRIMARY ENGINES OFFLINE, droned the Technodrome's computer monitor.

"Accursed machine!" scowled Shredder as he pierced one of the smaller screens with his bladed gauntlets. "All I wanted was some more mutagen so I could create more soldiers…stronger, smarter, MORE DEPENDABLE! One minor battle with those juvenile reptiles, and the engines fail!" he fumed, before he remembered a detail from the previous confrontation. "…wait a minute, it was Bebop and Rocksteady's fault! Probably convinced I'd replace them. Oh, I'll do *worse* once I get my hands on—"



Suddenly, there was a beeping sound that got his attention. “What the devil?” asked Shredder as he looked up at the control screens, which flashed the words in red: **TEMPORAL ANOMALY**.

“A temporal anomaly?” Shredder mused. “It seems that the Trans-Dimensional Portal malfunction has thrown the Technodrome into an entirely different reality!” As he slumped down into his command chair, he angrily clenched his fists. “How I *loathe* those accursed turtles...”

VWEEP! VWEEP! VWEEP! VWEEP!

Incensed by the alarm, Shredder whirled around in his chair. “What now?” he asked. On the screen, it showed something approaching the Technodrome.

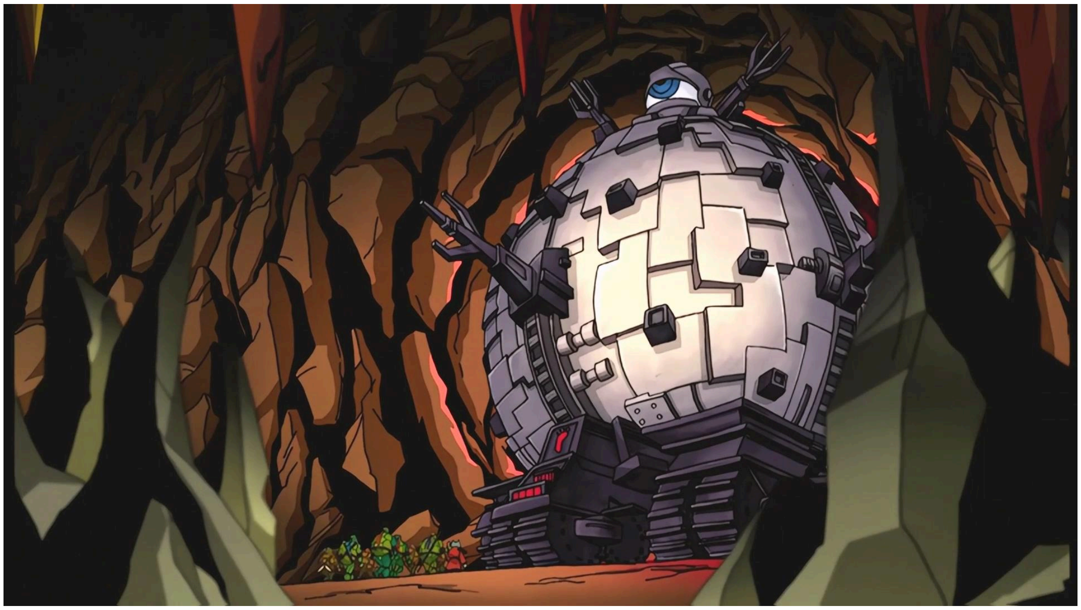
Perimeter breach, the computer droned. ***Perimeter breach...***

* * *

NEARBY...

“You were right, er...Donatello.” Donnie complimented, while leading the search party into a cavern; he held up his Shell Cell, keeping a patch on the trail. “Tracking the recent weird seismic activity *has* led us straight to the—”

“Technodrome!” exclaimed Leonardo, as he and his brothers gazed up in awe at the massive, spherical war machine.



“A giant golf ball on wheels?” mocked Raph. “***THAT’S*** yer Shredder’s ultimate weapon?”

“Never judge a book by its cover,” warned Leonardo.

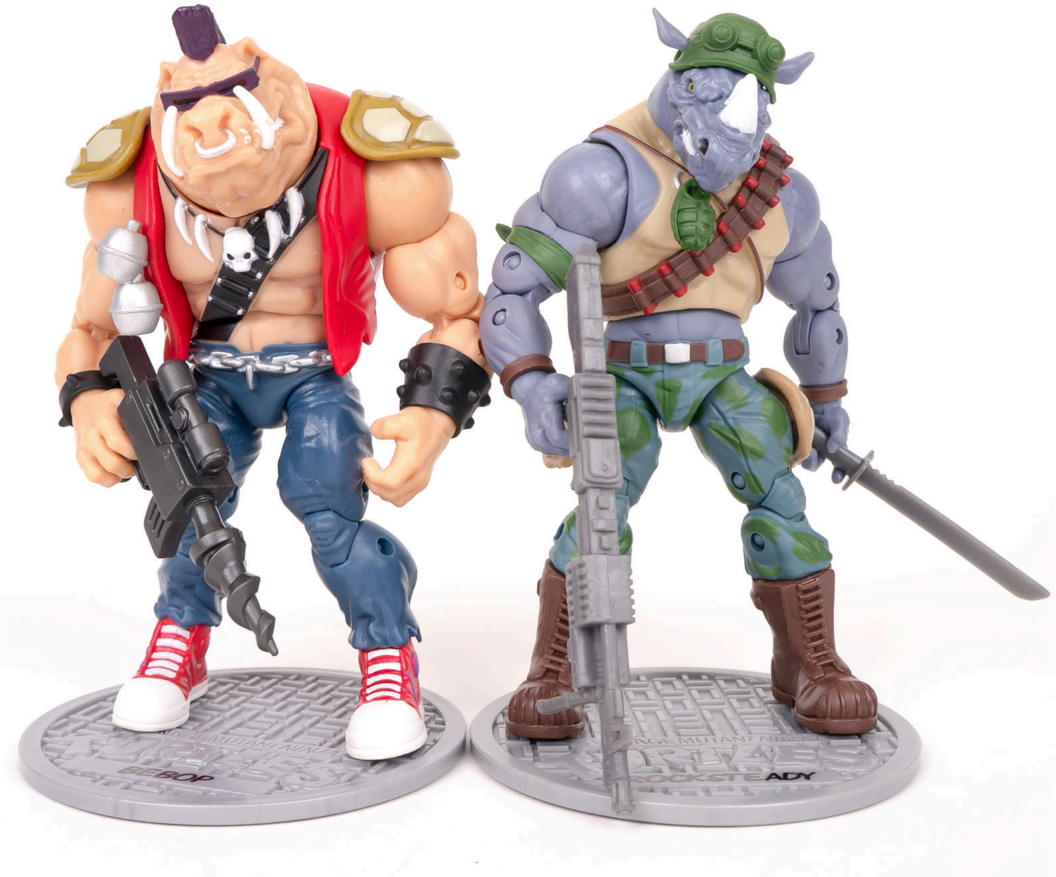
“Especially if that book happens to feature a Death Star on tank treads,” Michelangelo added.

On the eye-cam, Shredder was monitoring everything. “*Eight* turtles?” he mused, narrowing his eyes. “I don’t know how this came to be, but soon there will be NONE!”

Immediately, the gangplank on the Technodrome lowered, and from within emerged dozens of Foot Soldiers.

“***DESTROY THE TURTLES!***” bellowed Shredder’s voice from the intercom. “***...but leave the old rat to me.***”

And at the head of the army were two particularly nasty individuals—Bebop and Rocksteady. Bebop was the one on the left with the mohawk and the tusks. Rocksteady was the one on the right with the horn and the cool jacket. Remember that now, because they both had some seriously itchy trigger fingers.



[AUTHOR'S NOTE: The duo's designs are inspired by the *Classic Collection* Playmates figures for the builds, as well as the BST AXN figures for the jacket Rocksteady has.]

"Sure thing, boss," snorted Bebop.

"Betta get the grill ready," growled Rocksteady. "We're havin' toitle-boigers tonight!"

Finally, Shredder emerged from within, standing on the gangplank before he sprang into the air, and somersaulted down, before landing on his feet.

“And _this_ is yer Shredder?” snorted Raph.

“In all his ‘glory’,” Raphael replied.

“ATTACK!” demanded Shredder, and the Foot Soldiers, along with the mutants, charged into battle, firing their laser rifles, forcing the Turtles and their sensei to seek refuge behind several boulders scattered around the area to shield themselves.

“So…how do you guys deal with situations like these?” asked Leo.

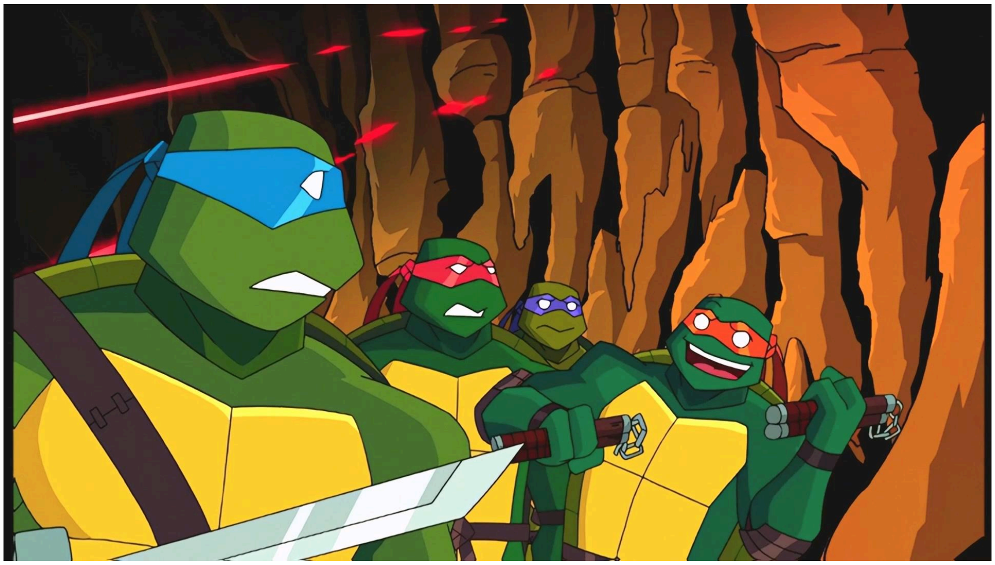
“Better we show you,” replied Leonardo, drawing his blades forth.

“How, he asks?” asked Raphael. “With a healthy dose of—”

“***TURTLE POWER!!***” the shorter Turtles exclaimed before they sprang from their hiding place and charged into action.

[**Musical cue: TMNT/TMHT (UK) Battle Theme Remake, by In-Soul Productions**]

Perhaps he was motivated by their courage…perhaps he was motivated by their great battle music, but something put the adrenaline back in Mikey. “Don’cha just *love* these guys?” he asked his brothers. “***COWABUNGA-A-A-A-A!***” he bellowed before he hopped over the rocks and joined the shorter Turtles.



Raph clutched his head in frustration. “It’s like havin’ ***FIVE*** Mikeys now!” he growled.

So naturally, the taller Turtles and their sensei had no choice but to join the battle. One of the Foot Soldiers threw a *shuriken* at Leo, who dodged the object…but was completely bewildered when it did a u-turn and came spinning right back towards him!

Swiftly, he cut it down with one of his katanas, then somersaulted over and knocked the Foot Ninja over, hearing a heavy, metallic *clang* noise when his foot made impact with its chest.

“‘Clang’?” Leo exclaimed, bewildered. “Did you just ‘clang’?”

As Splinter struck one of the Foot Soldiers, it blew to pieces! “…robots?” he remarked. They seemed like a less-advanced version of the Foot Tech Ninjas.

"*Exploding* robots, sensei!" Mikey corrected his mentor.

Suddenly, Splinter raised a brow—as if sensing something. He reached behind, and grabbed a fist that had attempted to strike him, and throttled it forward. The attacker righted himself in midair, landing on his feet as he faced his long-time foe.

"Shredder!" the rodent glowered. As the two circled each other like sharks, Splinter felt an anger towards him…almost like the anger he'd felt towards Ch'rell for the actions he'd committed…but coupled with an immense sense of betrayal.

"So! You are the Splinter of *this* dimension," observed Shredder. "Not quite different from my adversary…but let us see if you're a worthy opponent!"

* * *

"Prepare to be plasma-rized!" bellowed Rocksteady as he was firing at Leonardo and Donatello.

Ducking and dodging, as well as using his swords to deflect a few hits, Leonardo noticed the cave's ceiling was about to collapse right over the rotten rhino's head. He looked at Donatello, and they both traded a nod, while silently forming a plan.

"I don't think so!" called Leonardo as he hopped up and off of Donatello's shell, towards the ceiling, and jammed them into the top. The resulting impact brought down a pile of debris on top of the ex-military rhino's head, burying him underneath.

One of the Foot Soldiers, armed with a sword, waved his weapon at Mikey—and sonic waves shot from the blade, prompting Mikey to dart away, as the blast hit a boulder, which was blown to pieces.

"…I don't know *how*," he mused. "But this feels weirdly familiar!"

Bebop, meanwhile, was continuing his assault. "I'm gonna fry you shellbacks but good!" he exclaimed.

"Sure!" Raphael said as he front-flipped over the warthog while throwing him by his shoulders to the ground. Next, he leapt to the ceiling and chopped down some stalactites, which dropped down around Bebop, trapping him like bars of a jail cell. “As soon as you get out on parole!”

Mikey, nearby, bashed another pair of ninjas, clutching his chest. “Cut it out, guys—I’m trying to fight here!” he guffawed.

Michelangelo took out one of the robot ninjas by taking out its right leg before knocking its head off. Donatello, on the other hand, circle-threw one of the robotic assailants right away, complete with it letting out a very familiar stock scream. [***Star Wars*** **fans will probably know it!**]

In the midst of the chaos, Raph was stabbing and ripping through Foot Soldiers, whooping and hollering all the while. “YEAH! WHO ELSE WANTS SOME?!” he laughed, kicking another to pieces.

Raphael, meanwhile, couldn’t help but smile as he glanced at his counterpart. “Now *that’s* a happy turtle!” he remarked.

Suddenly, a quartet of Foot Soldiers were sneaking up on Raph, about to get the drop on him. From his higher vantage point, Donatello used his bo as a lever to roll a massive boulder down the side of the cave.

The boulder tore through the Foot Soldiers, smashing them all to pieces—and robbing Raph of his fun.

“Stee-rike!” called Donatello, before noticing how absolutely livid Raph was.

“I’LL GIVE YOU A ‘STRIKE’!” the red-banded turtle snapped, angrily shaking his fist at him.

“I think the words you’re looking for are ‘thank’ and ‘you’,” Donatello responded, but Raph just went off, grousing to himself. “Nobody appreciates good help these days…”

“Sheesh…what a hard case,” remarked Michelangelo.

“Bro, I could tell you *stories*,” replied Mikey.

Meanwhile, Splinter and Shredder continued their battle amidst the gunfire. "Blast it!" Shredder scowled as he was sent sprawling from a punch delivered by his rodent rival. As he was getting to his feet, the communicator on his belt rang.

"Terrific…" groused Shredder. "I'm in a showdown against my greatest rival, and that idiot wants to…*chit-chat*!" So, he pressed the answer button while he got up and resumed the battle.

"***Shredder, you indolent incompetent!***" burbled the alien voice of Krang.

"I'm in the *middle* of something here, Krang!" Shredder shot back via the microphone embedded under his mask, as he avoided a kick to the face.

"***First, you get us stuck in this backwoods reality, and now, you struggle—*BRRUP*—with these primitive creatures?***" Krang belittled. "***If I had my Rock Soldiers from Dimension X—***"

Shredder rolled his eyes. "Do you *ever* stop going on about that infernal place?" he retorted. "We're having enough trouble in THIS dimension! Can't you see we have EIGHT turtles to deal with now?"

…and then, all at once, Shredder got an idea. Quickly, he dodged another blow from Splinter and got a good distance away.

"If this dimension has its own version of the Turtles, perhaps it has its own Shredder as well!" he whispered so only Krang could hear him.

Krang gasped. "***And maybe even its own Krang!***" he remarked. "***Why, that would be—***"

"Zip it, you gurgling ganglion!" Shredder ordered, blocking a blow. "Engage the emergency power, now! We're leaving!"

"***Know when to hold 'em…***" began Krang. "***…and know when to FOLD 'em.***"

"It's been nice fighting you, but I'm afraid I have other business to attend to," Shredder told Splinter as he threw down a smoke pellet. "Until we meet again, Hamato Yoshi!" As he took off, he pulled out a control device.

As Splinter watched Shredder go, his eyes widened in realization. *Wait…Hamato Yoshi?*

“Stop! Come back here!” he called. As he tried to pursue, he noticed that the remaining Foot Soldiers had all stopped moving; their eyes were glowing red, and they started to quiver violently.

“What gives?” asked Raph.

“They’ve never done *that* before!” Leonardo replied, confused. One by one, the robots exploded like they were bursting balloons, while the Turtles and their sensei once more took cover behind some rocks.

Amidst the chaos, Bebop and Rocksteady got themselves freed of their traps, and raced after the Technodrome.

“Hey, wait up!”

“Hold da stinkin’ bus, wouldja?!”

They managed to jump in, seconds before it shut. The Technodrome revved back to life, and fired a laser blast through a nearby cavern wall, creating an escape route. As it did, the ground shook violently and rocks began to tumble down around our heroes.

With its exit made, the Technodrome rolled towards the doorway.

“C’mon, they’re makin’ a run for it!” Raph called, and then both groups began to pursue the Technodrome.

But a backup plan had been prepared for that eventuality. As one laser dug its way out, a second one in the back fired at the ceiling behind it, covering their path and forcing the Turtles to jump out of the way, lest they be crushed.

For the moment, there was nothing they could do. The Technodrome had made its great escape.

“SHELL!” Raph snarled. “We almost had ‘em!”

Donatello picked up one of the disembodied Foot Soldier's heads. "Self-destruct mechanism…I never thought that would be part of their programming," he mused.

"Maybe it's a new upgrade," suggested Raphael.

As Donatello nodded, Raph smacked the head from his hands. "QUIT YAPPIN' AND MOVE YA SHELLS!" the red-banded bruiser spat.

Raphael rolled his eyes. "So far this guy's all rude, and no cool," he muttered as he headed on.

While he was about to join the others, Leo looked back and noticed Splinter was in deep thought.

"Master, are you alright?" he asked, jolting Splinter from his reverie.

"Uh!—yes, my son," the rat replied after some hesitation. "Let us move onward."

As the Turtles continued on, Splinter pondered for a bit. *He called me…by my master's name…what could this mean?*

* * *

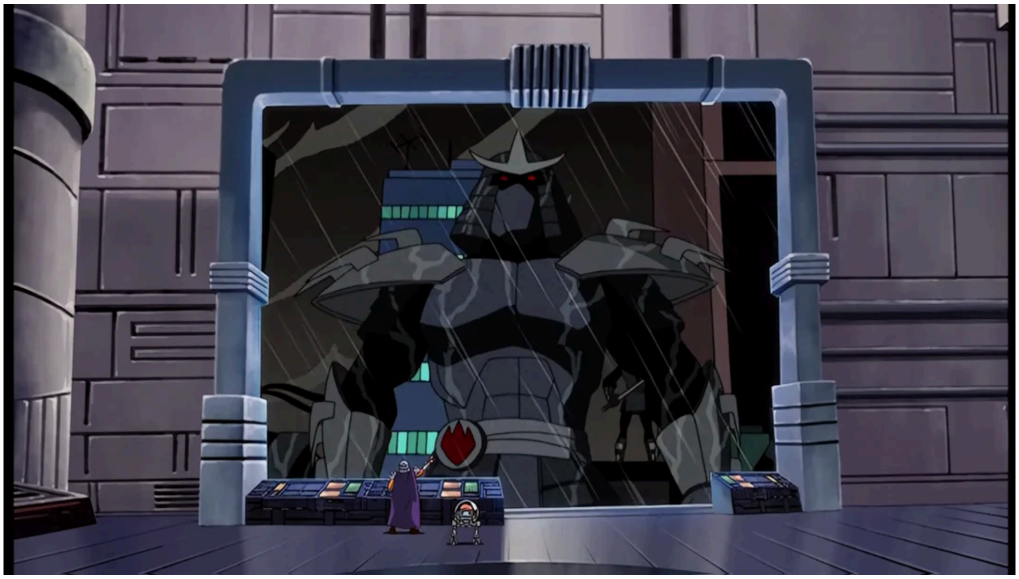
MEANWHILE, IN THE TECHNODROME…

Shredder had completed his first search with the Trans-Dimensional Portal's scanner, but so far, all he found was a minor result.

1 RESULT FOR THIS ENTRY

“One minor result for ‘Krang’ in this universe…” murmured Shredder, as he began typing again. “Shredder, on the other hand—*three* results! Let’s go with the one that’s not dead…”

So he clicked on the file labeled **CH’RELL**. The screen faded to black, before it showed clips of the Utrom Shredder, participating in various battles against his universe’s turtles. Needless to say, he was definitely an impressive enemy.



“There he is—and he is *magnificent*!” exclaimed Shredder as he watched his counterpart throwing the Turtles around like they were just toys. Then, it showed a clip of him using the Sword of Tengu. “Such strength…such power!”

Nearby, Bebop and Rocksteady were on a tattered old couch, eating popcorn and drinking from large sodas.

“Dis stuff’s better’n a Chop-Socky Movie Night!” Bebop snorted as he scooped a fistful of popcorn out of the bucket and stuffed it in his mouth.

“Hey, yeah!” Rocksteady agreed as he slurped his soda. “Wonder if we could get this on Laserdisc!”

“If I could somehow gain his compliance, we would be unstoppable!” Shredder exclaimed. “Double the Shredders, double the terror! Not to mention, someone to have intelligent conversations with!”

“What about us, Boss?” Bebop asked with a snort.

Shredder raised a brow. “I said *intelligent* conversations,” he retorted, before turning back to the keyboard. “Now, to find him…”

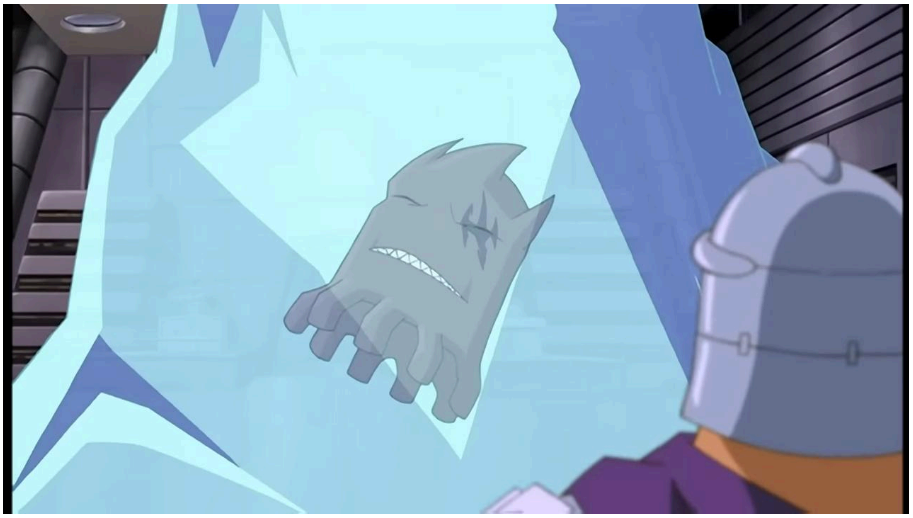
As he typed away, the screen showed a scanner tracing over the earth, before flashing red, then it zoomed out, going back further and further…and further still…until it locked in on the ice asteroids of Mor Gal Tal—where Ch’rell had been exiled to, all the way back at the end of Season 3.

“Strange…he’s off-world,” mused Shredder. “No matter!” he declared as he started typing furiously at the keyboard. “I’ll program the Matter Transporter to beam us to him directly!”

The Trans-Dimensional Portal’s frame lit up like a menorah, as a burst of energy zapped the ice asteroid and teleported Ch’rell directly into the room.

“This is a turning point, Krang…” Shredder beamed underneath his mask. “No longer will we be subject to constant failures—from now on, the world will tremble at the combined might of The Shredder and his—”

But when the transport beam ceased, he saw Ch’rell, trapped in a massive chunk of ice.



"…red slug?!" exclaimed Shredder, bewildered. "Blast…I wanted a powerful, terrifying ally!"

"Oh, I don't know…" mused Krang as he came over. "He looks alright to *me*. ***CROAK!***"

~~~~~~~~~

A few hours passed, and Ch'rell had been fully thawed out—but he was still unconscious. So he had been placed inside of a large device which looked like a combination tendril massager and sun-lamp.

"Could that puny creature *actually* be this dimension's Shredder?" Shredder asked as he typed on his computer.

Commencing Cryo-Regeneration, the computer droned, as Ch'rell's body was engulfed in red light and electrifying energy. But seconds after it started, an alarm began ringing out.

"That can only mean one thing…a system malfunction!" Krang exclaimed.

The machine began to smoke and sputter, as parts of it exploded. Shredder quickly ran towards the control panel and shut off the Cryo-Regeneration Device.
~~~~~~~~~

“Fool!” Krang snapped, noticing the Utrom’s lightly charred body. “You overcooked him, DIDN’T you?”

“I don’t understand…” Shredder pondered as he checked the readings, then ran over to the destroyed machine. “I did everything right! It should have worked…it should be alive!”

“Face it, you brainless bungler—***boorp***!” Krang snapped. “You botched it, just like you botch everything **else**!”

Shredder angrily rounded on the bodiless brain. A simple “oh, no” was all Krang got out before he made a run for it—and before Shredder tackled him to the floor, knocking him from his bubble walker. Within seconds, Shredder was wringing whatever could pass for Krang’s neck.

“You forget who you talk to, you whimpering—” grunted Shredder, before Krang slapped him with a tendril. “…worm!” Then another one. “I am the Shredder!”

“I know who you are…” grunted Krang. “Now let go!”

Then, there came a voice. Higher-pitched, yes, but somehow very menacing regardless.

“What fools are these…so weary of life…”

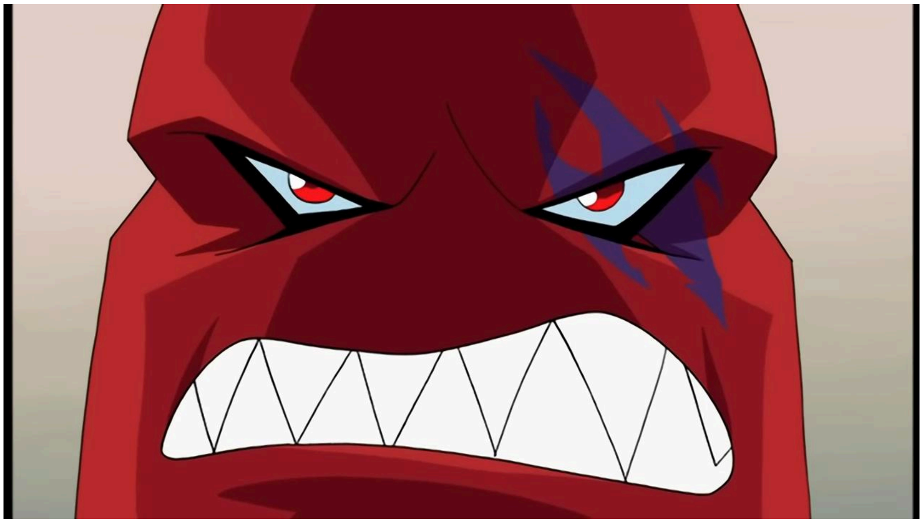
At this, Shredder and Krang’s eyes widened, and they both turned around, seeing the not-so-dead-after-all form of Ch’rell, standing upright on the table.

“…that they take the name of the Shredder…” he continued, skittering around to face them. “—***MY NAME***—in vain?!”

Both the deposed warlord and the evil ninja traded glances with each other. Was this really happening?

Shredder was the first to try and reason with his counterpart. “Welcome back, my counterpart. You see—” he began, before Ch’rell hurled himself like a fiendish red cannonball, right at the duo, sending them flying towards a nearby monitor device.

As Krang and Shredder got to their feet, they began to wonder if this was a good idea after all. Ch’rell, meanwhile, snarled menacingly. He didn’t know *how* he had escaped—but he was going to find out…



Chapter 4:
One Shell of a Team-Up

BIG APPLE
5:30 PM

As the Hauler drove through the streets, Splinter was still lost in thought. Leo noticed that he seemed a bit distracted.

“Sensei? Are you alright?” he asked. Stunned, Splinter shook his head a few times as he took notice.

“…of course, my son,” the rat responded. “I was merely thinking about something that the Shredder had said to me during our fight.”

“What did he say?” asked Leo.

“He called me…by my master’s name,” Splinter replied. “…Hamato Yoshi.”

Leo’s eyes widened. “But…*why*?” he inquired.

“A question worth asking, my son,” responded Splinter. “It would seem that your counterparts have much to explain…perhaps when we meet up with Casey and April.”

“So *why exactly* are we gettin’ them involved when we need to be trackin’ down this Technodrome thing, Donny?” Raph asked.

“Many hands make light work,” Don responded. “Besides, I’ve recalibrated the Hauler’s tracking apparatus to seek an underground object similar to the Technodrome’s surface area,” he pointed to a beeping diagram on the dashboard. “See?”

“Subterranean sonar!” Donatello beamed. “An excellent idea, Donatello!”

The two Raphaels glanced across at each other. “Nerds.” they declared.

“Anyways, the fight we had was like a walk in the park compared to what we usually get when we deal with the Foot,” Mikey commented.

"Seriously?" asked Michelangelo. "After what *we* went through with those Purple Dragon guys, I'd hate to see how your Foot creeps fight!"

"Let's just say they're as good as your Shredder, from how I saw Splinter fight him," replied Leo.

But as they continued talking, overhead was a souped-up helicopter which seemed to be following the Hauler.

"This is Sky Dragon 5 to Dragon King…I see them, boss," the pilot said over his radio. "Going south on Lexington."

"Good," smirked Hun, driving ahead in a truck with a cage in the back that held something in the back. Something vicious and snarling, and its eyes gleamed in the darkness.

MEANWHILE, BACK ONBOARD THE TECHNODROME…

After getting Ch'rell up to speed, Shredder was giving him a guided tour of the Technodrome, while the diminutive alien was being carried around by a Foot Soldier.

"And this is our engine room…currently under repair, unfortunately," he explained. Just then, his communicator began to beep. "Please excuse me, most honored guest!"

So he turned around and activated his communicator. "Krang, what's taking so long?" he whispered. "I can't keep this alien entertained forever!"

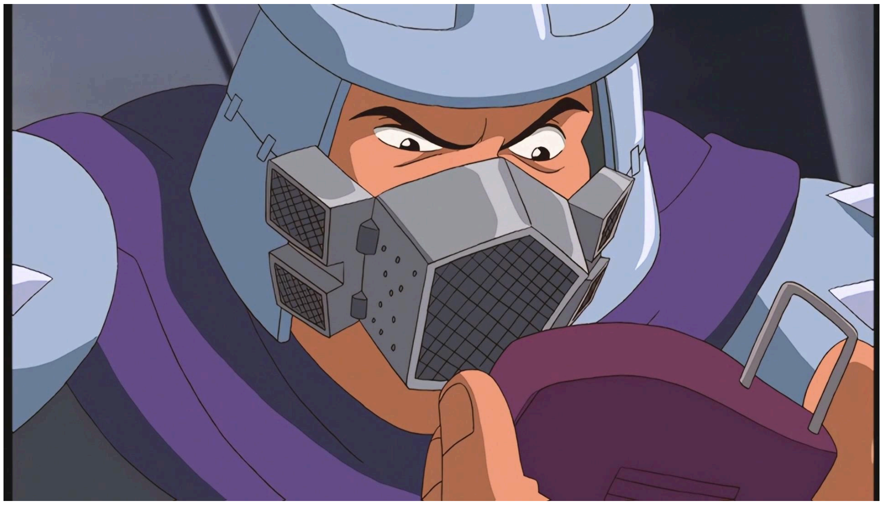
"*You should've thought of THAT* ***(boorp)*** *before you brought him here!*" Krang retorted. "*As usual, this is all YOUR fault!*"

"*My* fault?" Shredder retorted. "As if YOU've never made a single mistake during our tenure?!"

"I wish to see the Transdimensional Portal Device you spoke of," informed Ch'rell. "***NOW!***"

"A moment, sir," Shredder replied before turning back towards his communicator. "Krang...?"

"*All is in readiness...*" Krang snickered. "*...mighty Shredder. Just give the word.*"



"The word, you smug slug, is *given*," snipped Shredder in response as he put on a gas mask over his regular mask. After all, with a plan like *this*, one couldn't afford not to be too careful!

Krang flashed a smile before he shut off his communicator. Suddenly, sickly green gas began to pour through the vents, into the hallway. As Ch'rell looked around, the doors to the hallways slammed shut, both in front of and behind him. Once he pieced together what was going on, he rounded on his supposed ally. "***YOU!!***" he bellowed.

The Foot Soldier tried to hold him back, but he thrashed about angrily, attempting to leap upon Shredder and rip out his throat. He struggled free, and jumped towards him.

Naturally, the ninja crimelord knocked him away with a single punch, knocking him across the hallway. Stymied but not stupefied, Ch'rell managed to get to his feet.

"But how?" he grunted. "You could barely withstand me earlier!"

"Let's just say you caught me off my guard," responded Shredder. "This time, I came prepared."

Ch’rell was currently experiencing something he hadn’t known since Karai—pride in someone else. Alas, it was being overshadowed by a more familiar feeling: unyielding rage.

“Little man…” he snarled. “You have just made a grave—a grave…” he started, before his mouth began to fill with foam, and he was finding it more and more difficult to talk. Soon, his eyes rolled back in his head, and he fell unconscious.

Shredder glared down at the tiny alien. “Enjoy your nap,” he spat, irritated.

SOME TIME LATER, IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM…

“I thought he could help us defeat the Turtles,” Shredder remarked, glaring at the container that Ch’rell was now trapped within. “But he’s insane! …good thing I was able to deceive him and lure him into that trap. Who knows *what* he’d do if he seized control of the Technodrome?”

“Good thing ya sent him off to dreamland, boss,” snorted Bebop. “He looks even bossier than *you*!”

“Yeah!” nodded Rocksteady. “I bet he’d never let us take a break! Besides, I got some comic books I stole that I ain’t even read yet!”

“You amoeba-brains! Can’t you see that—” started Shredder, but then he stopped himself. “Right…I forgot who I was dealing with.”

Naturally, he turned his attention to the only other remotely intelligent being in the room. “So, what do you have in mind for him, Krang?” he asked.

“Perhaps we may still learn something useful…” Krang croaked, before opening a case with a sharp, alien-looking tool [perhaps taken from Dimension X] inside. “…by dissecting him, hmm?” He eyed Ch’rell with a sadistic smile.

“Whoa, an alien autopus!” remarked Rocksteady.

“You dumbo!” Bebop retorted, crossing his arms. “It's an alien ‘auto-pusy’!”

"Hey, who you callin' a dumbo?" snapped Rocksteady. "You dropped outta boardin' school in 6th grade!"

Before their debate could begin further, another alarm blared through the halls of the Technodrome.

INTRUDER ALERT.
INTRUDER ALERT.

"Not those blasted turtles *again*!" fumed Shredder as he looked up at the ceiling. Within seconds, the blast doors were blown open, and Foot Soldier parts went flying into the room, rolling across the floor like dice.

Before they could register what was happening, in came a squad of ninjas who were clad in black, with a red, three-pronged insignia on their outfits. Quickly, they blocked the exit to keep anyone from escaping.

"Shredder! Do something!" croaked Krang.

"Quit your nagging," snapped Shredder. "But right now, I'm in the mood to sharpen my skills. So face me, fools—I challenge you!"

The first one attacked Shredder with a punch, but he grabbed his fist, twisted his arm, and then kicked him back to his allies.

"You're human!" exclaimed Shredder. "Oh, well, This will be a nice little change of pace from sparring with robots!"

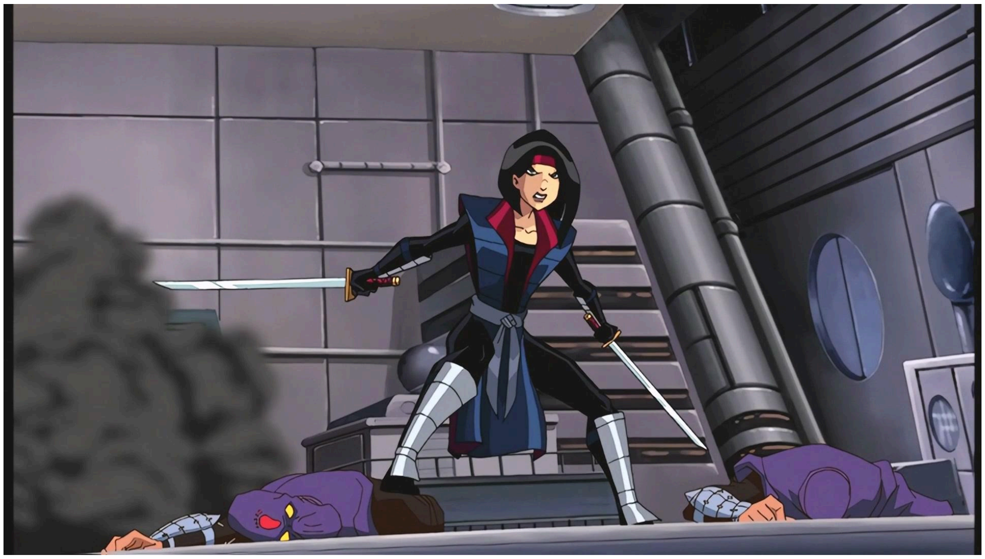
This time, all of the ninjas tried to fight him, attempting to punch and kick at him, but with grace and skill, he dodged their attempts and countered their strikes. They even tried to use their *manriki* chains to tie him up, but he used his blades to cut them apart!

From the side, Bebop and Rocksteady watched in pure delight.
"Man, dis is even betta than that flick we saw yesterday! **(snort)**"

"Especially 'cuz it's happenin' right in front of us!"

Within minutes, the ninjas were all laid out on the floor, groaning in pain. Shredder glared down at his would-be assailants.

“Go back to whoever sent you, and tell them to—” he started, before another explosion rocked the entrance. A battle cry was heard through the smoke, and the assailant jumped towards them, revealing themselves to be a female Japanese warrior, each hand clutching a katana.



She angrily eyed every occupant of the chamber, until her eyes fell upon the container which held her target.

“…***LOTUS!!***” Shredder yelled, his anger surging to heights unheard of for him. Whoever this woman was, she bore an uncanny resemblance to a kunoichi who’d long ago humiliated him.
[As seen in 1987 Season 3’s ***Beware the Lotus***.]

“Now where have I heard dat name before?” pondered Rocksteady.

“Beats me,” shrugged Bebop.

As if she hadn’t heard a word that had just been uttered, the kunoichi jumped to the tube and freed the imprisoned alien with a slice of her blades.

“I am called Karai!” she declared, before gesturing to Ch’rell with one of her swords. “…and I am *his* daughter.”

“Not much of a family resemblance,” murmured Shredder. Rounding on Shredder, Karai aimed to kick him in the ribs, but he jumped and backflipped, avoiding the hit.

“I don’t care if you are or you aren’t Lotus—you will NOT humiliate me again!” he declared.

“Oh, boy!” Bebop and Rocksteady beamed. “Another fight!”

Shredder jumped at the intruder with a fierce kick, which she dodged with ease. She then slashed her katanas at him, but Shredder ducked. Then Karai went for a vertical slash, but Shredder grabbed the blade with the palms of both hands, then threw it to the side, tossing the wielder as well as she gripped the sword’s hilt.

As the ninjas pulled off one technique after another, Shredder was beginning to grow tired. He couldn’t keep this up forever…besides, Karai was too damned fast! She was actually managing to land a few good hits on him, and had energy to spare!

“Hmm…time to play dirty, once again,” Krang smirked, before he eyed a button on the console. He then reached over with his exo-suit’s arm and pressed the button.

Suddenly, the platform below Karai disappeared, and she fell below.

Shredder turned towards his partner-in-crime. “Krang!” he fumed. “I almost had her just where I wanted her!”

“Aw, what’s the matter?” mocked Krang. “Did I bruise your *ego*?”

“You insipid—AARGH!” Shredder grunted as he was struck in the back and sent flying into the wall.

Apparently he’d been struck by Karai’s grappling hook, which she then used to pull herself out of the trapdoor, and deliver a flying kick to the exhausted Shredder’s back.

“Will you be attempting any further dirty tricks?” she asked, holding one of her swords against Krang’s face.

"Never, charming lady…" Krang boorphed, shrugging his shoulders.

"I have gone to great lengths to keep vigil over my father," explained the kunoichi. "But today, he vanished from my monitoring systems. When I was able to relocate him…"

She stopped, and delivered a spin-kick to Bebop and Rocksteady, both of who attempted to sneak up on her, but got knocked to the ground for their troubles.

"…he was here. How is this so?" Karai demanded, holding one of her blades against the fallen ninja warrior's throat as he regained his breath.

"The matter transporter…we beamed him here…" grunted Shredder.

Curious, Karai eyed the device, a seed of an idea forming in her head. "This technology," she said, removing her foot from Shredder's back. "Is now property of the Foot."

"Redundant, aren't we?" commented Shredder. "Because it already *is* property of the Foot, or haven't you noticed!"

"What are you talking about?" the kunoichi asked as she sheathed her swords.

"I am the Shredder of *MY* universe!" Shredder exclaimed. "And I'M in charge of the Foot!"

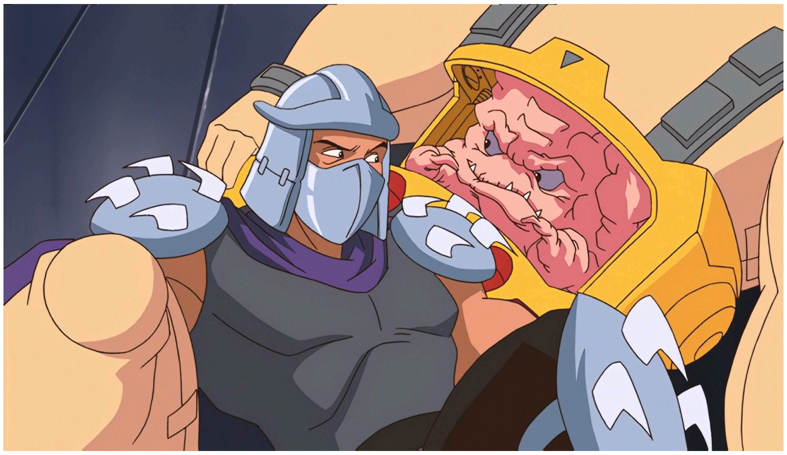
"Two foot clans?" Karai asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Not two, one for each universe," Shredder responded. "I don't see how this is so difficult to understand."

"…regardless, I shall use this technology to restore my father—the one true Shredder—to glory!" declared Karai, regaining her composure.

"One true—now wait just a minute!" Shredder exclaimed, before he was knocked back into Krang, and his mutants, all of whom fell into a heap.

Karai spun her katanas, and re-sheathed them with ease.



Krang glared at his longtime collaborator. “Well, Saki…*another* fine mess you’ve gotten us into,” he remarked.

Shredder rolled his eyes. “Oh, shut up!”

* * *

“According to this…” Donatello noted, gesturing to the radar screen. “The Technodrome’s close.”

Splinter stepped up and leaned between the front seats. “Well done, my sons,” he complimented.

Before any thank-yous could be traded, the Hauler was suddenly slammed from the side—***WHAM!***—and that sent it tumbling shell-over-teakettle onto the side of the road.

Don was the first one out. “Everyone alright?” he asked. Next out were Splinter and Donatello.

“What the shell?” asked Leo as he and the others disembarked.

“Don’t tell me, you guys have crazy drivers in *your* world too?” asked Raphael.

“Yeah, but they don’t get much crazier than Hun,” replied Mikey as the bulky Purple Dragon leader stood atop his vehicle, while his subordinates went to open the truck doors. As they did, out stepped a hulking, mutated dog-man creature. He had claw marks across his right eye, and a row of magenta spikes trailing down his back.

“Hun…” Raph joked. “You didn’t tell us you had family in town!”

“And *you* didn’t tell me your doppelgangers were carrying super-powered mutagen!” Hun shot back, impressed.

Leo turned to his counterpart. “What does he mean?” he asked.

“Well, when he had us captive yesterday, he took some of the mutagen,” explained Leonardo.

“That stuff *barely* splattered my man here,” said Hun, as the dog-man leapt from the back and snarled like a ferocious tiger. “Imagine what I could do with MORE!”

Immediately, the people nearby screamed and ran. Of course, wouldn’t YOU run too if you saw a tiger-sized man-dog snarling in the middle of your city?

“That’s not going to happen, Hun,” declared Leo as the turtles and Splinter scattered, while the dog-mutant sprang into action.

Hun set his sights towards Donatello, who still had on his satchel. “Give me those vials, you little freak!” he demanded.

“…let’s not, and say I did!” Donatello replied as he turned and raced away, with the blonde bruiser on his trail.

Meanwhile, Michelangelo was squaring off with the dog-man mutant. “Yo, red rover! If ya think ya can, come on over!” he taunted, sticking out his tongue and blowing a raspberry.

The dog-mutant snarled before he darted over to his target…who leapt aside, just as he crashed into a fire hydrant! The resulting jet of water shot Michelangelo into the air.

“Like, thar she blows, dude!” the party dude exclaimed, doing the backstroke on top of the waterspout.

From down below, Mikey guffawed. “I crack me up!” he remarked, before the dog-mutant started chasing him. With one of his ever-so-familiar girly shrieks, Mikey ran off. “Bad doggy! Down, boy! I don’t wanna be a Teenage Mutant Ninja Chew-Toy!”

Luckily, Michelangelo leapt down from the spout and landed on the dog-mutant’s head, then ran off with his counterpart. The dog-mutant growled and started heading after the two Mikeys.

As it rounded a corner, however, it ran straight into a nose-whacking, courtesy of Master Splinter. It yelped as it covered its nose…then growled before it swung a paw and smacked the ninja rodent across the street, before he hit the windshield of the Hauler.

While that was happening, Donatello was still running away from Hun while carefully holding the mutagen.

“Give me that mutagen!” the Purple Dragon powerhouse demanded.

“I don’t think so, gruesome!” Leonardo shouted as he flew in and hit Hun in the face with a jumping side kick, causing the big brute to get visibly staggered.

Before he could get another hit in, the dog-mutant tackled the blue-banded turtle and threw him at a nearby building.

“ACK!” Leonardo exclaimed as his back struck the brick wall, and he fell to the ground. As he lay stunned, the dog-mutant loomed overhead and raised a claw, ready to finish off its downed opponent.

“Leo!” exclaimed Raph as he and the others raced over to defend his brother’s counterpart.

Splinter pushed himself to his feet. That may not have been one of his own sons, but regardless, he needed his help. “NO!” he exclaimed as he scuttled back into the Hauler, and flipped a switch.

Suddenly, the headlights opened up and unleashed a spray of missiles. "Incoming!" Raph called, and the Turtles scattered, seconds before the missiles struck the dog-mutant, blasting him into a puddle of green sludge!

As Hun leapt out of the way, he smacked into a lamppost and hit the ground, with the lamp breaking off and falling on him.

Once it was all done, Splinter pulled himself free from the Hauler, and slumped to the ground, exhausted.

"Father!" called Leo as he ran over. "Are you alright?"

"I believe so, my son…" grunted Splinter as Leo helped him up. This little exchange left the shorter Turtles bewildered.

" 'Father'?" queried Leonardo, genuinely bewildered.

"I guess this world's got plenty of differences to it," Michelangelo responded.

"Looks like Casey and April will have to wait," said Leo. "We need to get you back to the lair."

Mikey threw his hands up. "Time to hit the sewers, fellas!" he exclaimed.

Raphael went over, and pulled the manhole cover off, so he was the first one down the ladder.

"Alright, everybody into the pool!" Raph called as he directed the others down afterwards.

Nearby, Hun regained consciousness and saw the Turtles descending into the sewers. The very sight made him seethe with rage!

Second-to-last in was Donatello, who stopped partway. "Wait—what about the Technodrome?" he asked.

"That crate moves about as fast as *you* guys," snapped Raph as he took hold of Donatello's head. "We'll catch up to it."

And he shoved him into the manhole, ignoring Donatello's cry of "Hey!" But as he was the last one in, Raph didn't notice Hun smashing through the manhole and tackling him into the sewers.

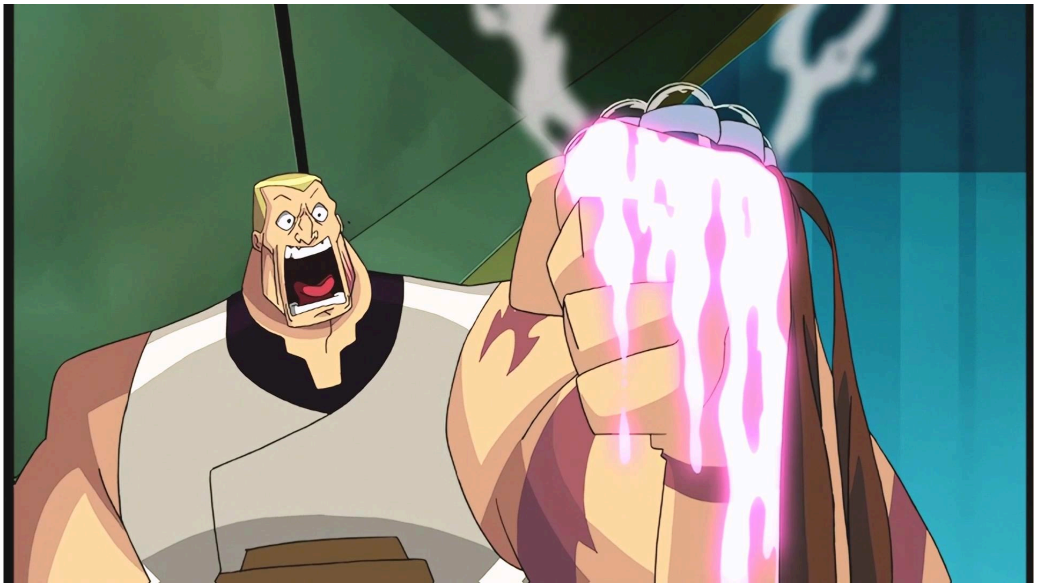
[**We needed an explanation for just *how the devil* Hun managed to fit into that manhole. Besides, have you SEEN that guy's shoulders? They're so big they're in two different time zones!**]

"Get off, ya big stupid—" Raph shouted as he tumbled through the water with Hun. The big bruiser got to his feet, grabbed Raph like a football, and hurled him quite a ways down the sewer tunnel.

Turning to Donatello, Hun pinned him down with his shoe, and snatched up his satchel. "HAH! Mine!" he declared, whirling around to face his enemies. "Hun wins, *AGAIN!***"**

"Is that so?" asked Raphael. "Care to check your hand, Mister Winner?"

Hun raised a brow, as he turned towards his hand—and screamed in horror! His massive grip had shattered the mutagen vials, and now they were leaking out all over him!



"AAAAAAAUGH!"

Just then, Raph came back with a flying kick that knocked Hun back, making him lose his grip on the satchel, which was then caught by Donatello, who leapfrogged off his chest in order to grab it out of the air.

"Get this crud *off*!!" howled Hun.

"Let's *not* stay in touch," called Donatello as he and Raph rejoined the others, and then took off into the tunnels.

"NO!" Hun wailed. "You can't leave me like this!" he flailed around in the water as the mutagen continued to surge and seep into his system. "GET IT OFF ME! ***GET IT OFF ME!!***"

* * *

"So…*Leonardo*…" Leo asked his counterpart on the way back. "…is there any reason Shredder would call Splinter 'Hamato Yoshi'?"

Leonardo raised a brow. "Well…it's a long story, really," he replied. "But I'll do what I can to tell it to the best of my abilities."

INITIATING FLASHBACK MODE!

In Japan, there was a ninja clan known as the Foot. Hamato Yoshi was their Shidoshi—teacher of the warrior ways of enlightenment. Yoshi was a quiet man who loved art, but one student sought to usurp his leadership of the Foot Clan—Oroku Saki.

Leo narrowed his brow. "Shredder…"

Then one day, a master sensei visited the school, and Oroku Saki made his move, by pinning Yoshi to the wall by his keikogi, it would seem like he refused to bow. But when Yoshi pulled the knife out of the wall, the sensei's students accused him of attempting an assassination. And so, in light of this, Yoshi was exiled from the Foot and fled to America. Penniless, he was forced to live in the sewers, in the underground tunnels. His only friends were the rats…and then someone dropped four tiny turtles down a storm drain.

Back in Japan, under Oroku Saki's leadership, the Foot Clan turned into an army of crime.

Back in New York, Yoshi lived happily with his turtles and rats, but then one day, he returned from his walk, only to see the Turtles covered in a strange, purple goo.

"Do ya get the feeling this is starting to lead somewhere?" asked Raphael.

It was a powerful mutagen. It caused whoever touched it to take on the form of whatever animal they had most recently been in contact with. The turtles started becoming human. They had most recently been with Yoshi, but Yoshi had most recently been with the rats, so…you can draw your own conclusions from there.

EXITING FLASHBACK MODE.

Leo looked on, awed. “So…in your world, Master Yoshi is alive?” he asked, awed.

“Definitely,” nodded Leonardo. “But we just call him Master Splinter.”

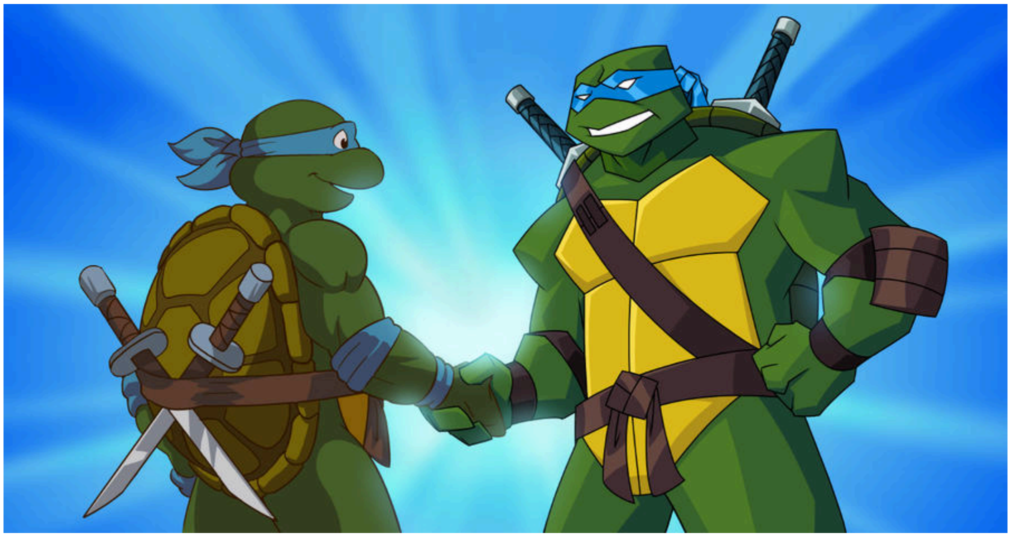
“…considering our differences, maybe you guys should keep to the side while we handle the Foot Ninjas,” advised Leo.

“I’m afraid we can’t do that,” replied Leonardo. “What if our Shredder finds yours and they team up?”

“I wouldn’t worry,” responded Leo. “Our Shredder was dealt with a long time ago.”

“How’d you do it?” asked Leonardo. But the look on his counterpart’s face—one of regret and trauma—made him reconsider. “…then again, maybe I don’t need to know. Still, we’re in this together. And turtles fight with honor!”

“Well, alright then. I guess there’s no talking you out of it.” said Leo. “Welcome to the team,” And he held his hand out to his other self.



Leonardo smiled, and shook hands with his counterpart.

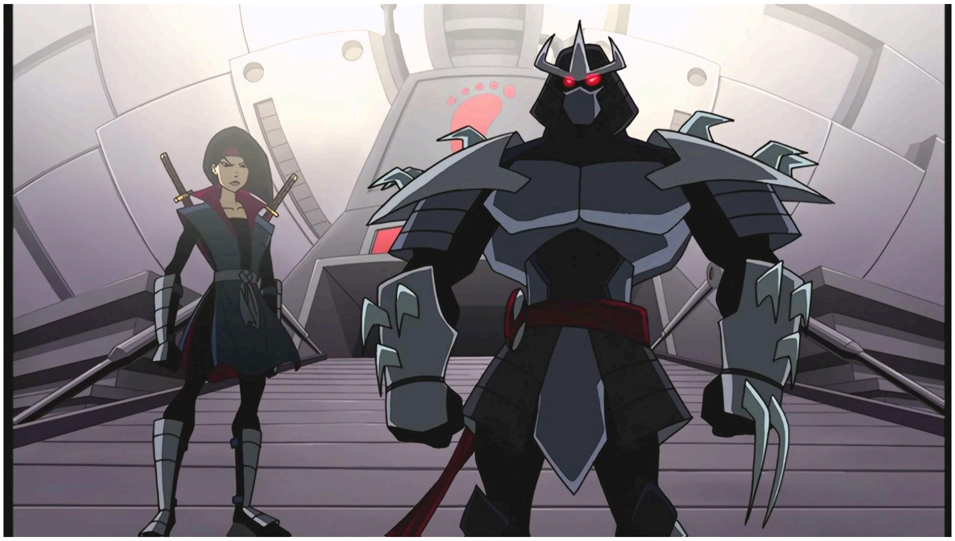
* * *

ELSEWHERE, IN THE SEWERS…

Something massive, something green, was trudging through the tunnels, until it reached the edge of a drainpipe.

Suddenly, a floodlight filled the cavern surrounding the area, and the large green creature felt a tremendous rumbling as *something* entered the cavern.

As the gangplank lowered, the creature approached cautiously. And stepping down the gangplank came ***you-know-who!***



That's right, folks—the Utrom Shredder was back, and badder than ever, in a brand-new exosuit.

"Hun..." he remarked in his deepened voice. "My old...*friend*."

The creature, now properly identified, lowered his hands, which he'd been using to cover his eyes. "...*you*..." he growled.

"It's been a while, apparently," Ch'rell remarked. "You're looking rather *green*."

Hun bared his newly gained fangs as he held out a three-fingered, green-skinned hand with sharp fingernails. "Look what they've done to me..." he scowled, clenching his fist. "Accursed turtles..."

Ch'rell seemed to smile beneath his mask. "Perhaps we have common cause once again, you and I," he mused as he approached the hulking creature. "Yes?"

Hun reached out...and shook hands with his former mentor. "Consider it done," he boomed.

And so, all three of them re-entered the Technodrome, as the gangplank folded up once more.

Chapter 5:

Extreme Makeover: Technodrome Edition

RESERVOIR LAIR
6:15 PM

The group had returned to the lair, and Mikey was tending to Splinter's wounds, while Don and Donatello were at the scanning station.

"I don't understand," mused Don. "The tracking system was closing in, and then suddenly, POOF! Static! It's like the Technodrome disappeared!"

"Any idea what we should do next?" asked Leo, turning to the side.

Four green hands shot up before him, each belonging to one of the shorter Turtles.

"…*other* than going out for a slice?" Leo responded.

Michelangelo lowered his hand in response. The other three kept their hands up, though.

Raph growled. "I *toldja*, you can't brainstorm with these goofballs!" he remarked. "They ain't got no brains!"

"Hey!" Raphael snapped. "I'm sure *plenty* of people have said the same about you, mister short-fuse!"

"What, you wanna finish what we started on the roof?" Raph shot back.

"No, I wanna *start* it," Raphael declared. "Unless, of course…you're *chicken*."

Raph gripped his sai tightly, just itching to fight. "Fine then, pee-wee!" he declared.

Off to the side, both Leonardos face-palmed in response to this. Getting their Raphaels to stop bickering would be like trying to herd cats…

* * *

AT THAT SAME TIME, ONBOARD THE TECHNODROME…

Under Dr. Chaplin's instructions [via his orders being given to him through Karai], the Foot Tech Ninjas were hard at work on remodeling the Technodrome.

"Wow…I've had a *lot* of bizarre projects to work on," he mused as he watched. "But remodeling a mobile battle fortress? Now *this* is the stuff that dreams are made of!"

Suddenly, there came a loud *thump* from afar.

“I guess Mr. Saki is getting adjusted to his new body…” Chaplin noted.

MEANWHILE…

“AAARGH!” Shredder received a nasty kick in the ribs that sent him flying, knocking him on his side.

“Let this be a warning, fool,” scowled Ch’rell as he stomped over. “Never cross me again. Usually, I punish those who betray me with slow, torturous deaths…but I shall make an exception, since you are an alternate version of myself. Although you are inferior, I cannot risk your death in case it might have undesirable consequences to my own existence.”

“It was your massive ego that forced me to deceive you to begin with!” Shredder defended as he pulled himself to his feet. “I wished to revive you so that we could join forces against our common enemy—those blasted Turtles! But it was your unwillingness to cooperate and listen which lead to—”

“***SILENCE!***” bellowed Ch’rell as he turned halfway and raised his blades at him. “NO ONE questions the actions of the Shredder!”

Then there came a titter…which built up to a chuckle…and then became a laugh that rang across the walls of the Technodrome.

“And what, pray tell, is it that you find so amusing?” inquired the Utrom.

“You call yourself a Shredder?” sneered Shredder. “You ought to be ashamed of yourself!”

“***YOU DARE***—?!” Ch’rell growled as he drew back, stopping the blades a few inches from his counterpart’s eyes. “Have you a death wish, or are you some sort of fool?”

“The *real* Shredder would never let his guard down,” declared Saki, crossing his arms, unfazed by the alien’s threat. “And yet, you were fooled by the deceptions of one you claimed was ‘inferior’!”

The Utrom Shredder narrowed his crimson eyes at him.

“True, I’m no match for you or that daughter of yours, physically speaking,” Saki continued. “But you have to admit, that were it not for her interference, you would be as good as sashimi.”

Silence filled the room as Ch'rell had to consider this…but he had to admit, his counterpart wasn't wrong.

"You've got a point there, inferior," he admitted.

Shredder winced at the insult, but considering the circumstances, he managed to swallow his pride.

"While your strength is laughable, you *did* manage to fool me. Your skills in deception seem to surpass my own!" Ch'rell commented, turning to leave. "It would seem I may still have use of you after all. But I warn you…one false move, and you shall pay."

"Perish the thought," Saki replied. "After all, we share a common goal."

Once the Utrom Shredder left, Krang entered the room.

"Oh, you're still alive!" he commented, seeing Shredder in one piece. "…how disappointing."

"Zip it, you gurgling ganglion!" Shredder spat.

"As much as I'd love to trade barbs with you, I need to make sure these indolent imbeciles aren't wrecking *my* warship!" Krang remarked as he headed off to look around.

As he did, he saw many of these 'tech ninjas' partaking in giving the place a serious overhaul. They were overhauling hull plating with rivet guns and acetylene torches, rewiring entanglements of exposed cables, ripping out consoles and bulkheads.

"Hey! That was my favorite ***bulkhead!***" croaked Krang. "I paid a *fortune* for that console! And you're ruining the ***paint job***!"

"Do you *ever* cease your incessant whining, Krang?" asked Shredder, lounging in his command chair. "My counterpart is simply giving this tub a much-needed refit. Quite generous of him, indeed!"

The ninja crime lord continued as he stood up from his chair. "I wouldn't go as far as to say he's 'repaying' us, but we *have* reached an understanding," he explained.

Krang raised a ridge. "Is that right, then?" he asked, as two of the Foot Ninjas took the chair away.

Shredder looked over, but simply glowered at this. *Sooner or later, he'll drop his guard,* he thought to himself.

"Face it, fool—we're under new management!" Krang remarked. As Shredder looked up, a long banner unfurled over the banister of the upper level—emblazoned with the three-pronged symbol of the main universe's Foot!

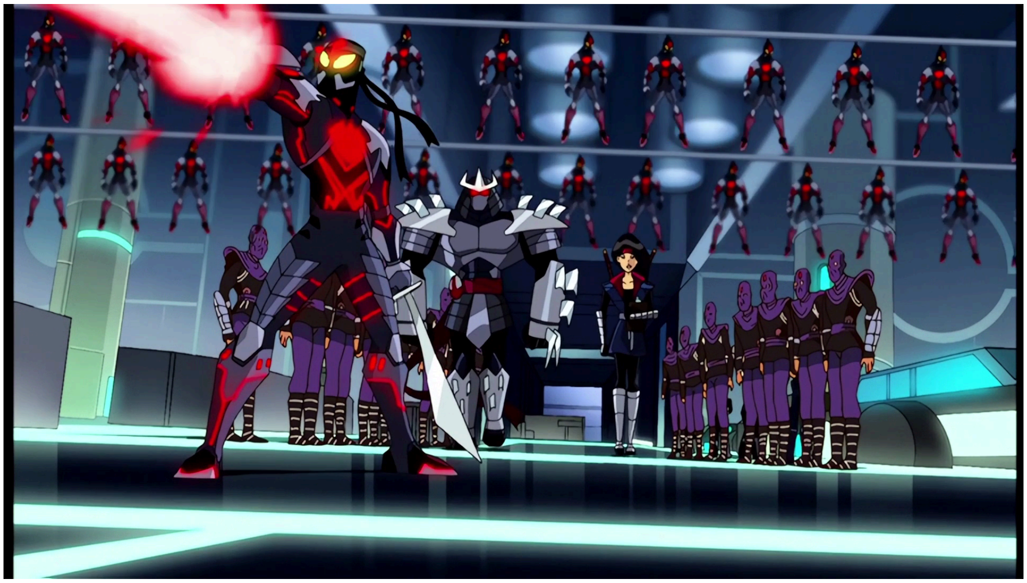
◆

Elsewhere, Utrom Shredder was taking a stroll through the R&D facilities of the fortress. "How go the repairs, Karai?" he asked.

Karai was nearby with a clipboard. "Very well, Father," she replied. "The technology of Dimension X is quite remarkable, ridiculous though it may look. But when combined with Utrom technology…it should prove *devastating.*"

"Yes…the two merge well together," smiled Utrom Shredder, as he admired his new suit. "This new body is proof of that."

"And more proof," Karai continued as they continued past an array of wobbly-kneed Foot Soldiers. "Their robotic Foot Soldiers…powerful technology, but clumsy. But now, with the proper modifications…"



A newly-assembled Foot Ninja was practicing moves with grace and speed, as its hands transformed into blades, then lasers, then cannons.

"*…lethal*," Karai smiled.

The newly-built Foot Soldiers 2.0 stood at attention, and then bowed to Utrom Shredder. Soon, they passed vats of bubbling, glowing purple mutagen, and rows of human Foot ninjas waiting in line, along with Purple Dragons.

"Our human troops have *also* been upgraded," Karai continued. "By analyzing the mutagen that has infected Hun, we have successfully engineered our own mutant army."

One by one, each Tech Ninja was administering a shot of mutagen into the subordinates waiting in line. One of them was given a shot in the arm, then he started to shake and convulse, as he screamed in agony…and then changed into a mutated pangolin!

Utrom Shredder looked as giddy as a child at Christmastime. "Soon, I will bring this world to its KNEES!" he declared. "And then—"

He stopped for a moment as he saw his counterpart nearby, waving in the background.

"…and then, perhaps, the world of my sneakier counterpart," he finished. "Infinite possibilities have been opened to me, thanks to this…'Technodrome'! I shall rule a multiverse, Karai!"

From the shadows, Hun chuckled. "Sounds good to me," he responded. "Just as long as my dragons get that mutagen boost, too!"

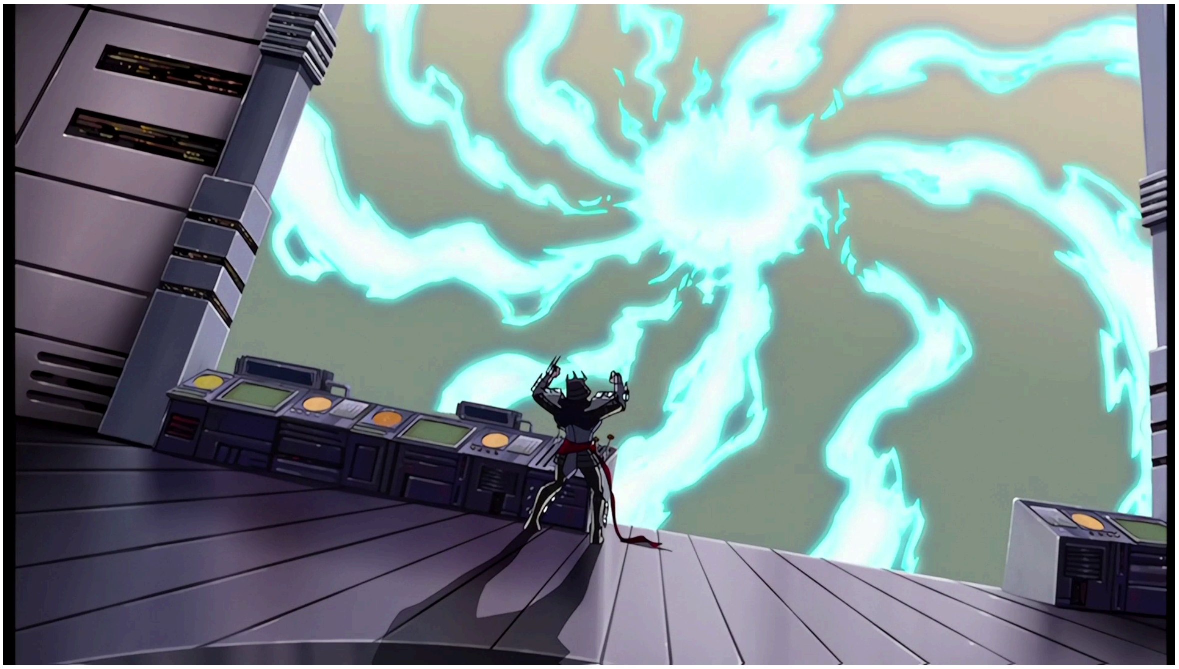
Utrom Shredder headed into the Trans-Dimensional Chamber, and stopped at a control panel.

"Computer!" He spoke in a powerful voice. "This is the Shredder!"

The lights and screens on the panel flashed. "***IDENTITY CONFIRMED,***" the computer said as its circuits chirped. "***RECOGNIZE SHREDDER. CH'RELL. OROKU SAKI. DESTROYER OF—***"

"Computer!" Utrom Shredder cut it off. "I am most intrigued by the implications of this…*portal.* I wish to learn about alternate dimensions. Show me…*everything*!"

Within the portal, an image began to take shape: swirls of white clusters, like the fingers of a galaxy beginning to form! And Utrom Shredder laughed wickedly, eager to see what he would learn…



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BACK IN THE LAIR…

The shorter Turtles were each engrossed in their own activities: Leonardo was busying himself with combat practice, Donatello was using a soldering iron on a piece of metal, Raphael was playing videogames on the TV, and Michelangelo was in the kitchen, making yet another bizarre pizza. The most recent combination was Cheez Doodles and chocolate fudge, and right now he was thinking something along the lines of french fries and grape jelly.

"C'mon, Raph—lighten up!" insisted Mikey. "Our Cowabunga cousins aren't so bad, right?"

"Yeah, listen to 'im, grumpy guts," Raphael called before the videogame made a triumphant sound. "WHOO-HOO! LEVEL EIGHT!"

"Not bad?!" snorted Raph. "They're…*clowns*, not ninjas!"

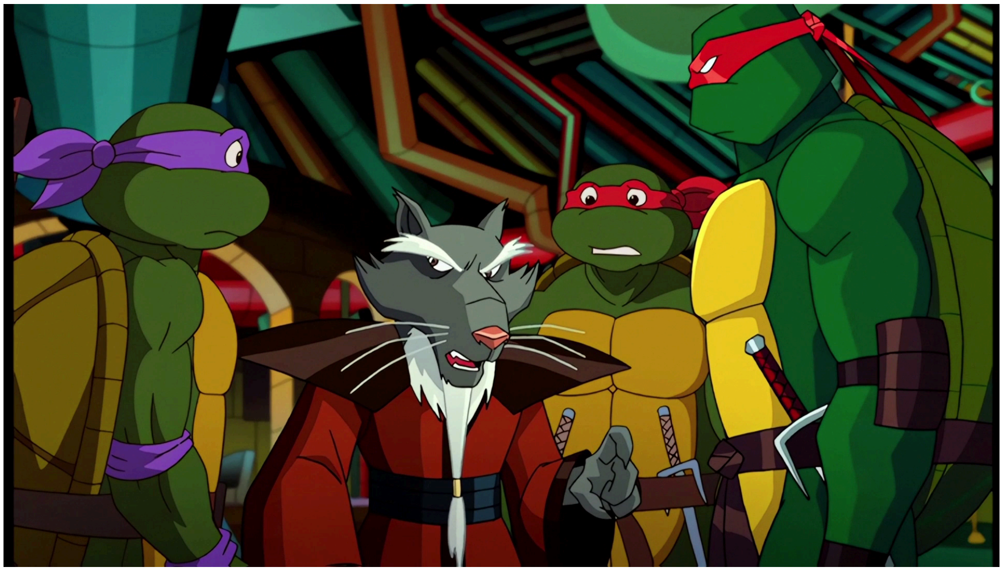
Raphael put the game on pause, and flipped over towards his counterpart. “Is that right then?” he asked, drawing his *sai*. “In that case, I got a *real* pretty flower for ya to sniff, bucko!”

“Bring it on, runt!” Raph retorted. “I bet those things’re made outta foam rubber!”

Before the blows could begin again, Splinter’s cane whirled through the air and lodged in the wall behind them.

Prompted, both Turtles turned and saw Master Splinter. He was a bit banged-up and bandaged, but he was still up and about.

“Stop this bickering! You only do your enemy‘s work for him. You are ninja,” he said, his tone stern. “*All* of you,” he emphasized as he pulled his cane free, and whacked Raph in the head with it. “And all are welcome here. Do not embarrass your sensei.”



Donatello watched him as he left the room. “...he may not *look* like our Splinter—but he sure talks a lot like him!” he noted.

Raph looked a bit sheepish now. “Yeah...uh...sorry ‘bout the ‘clown’ crack,” he apologized, reluctant.

“Well...maybe I’ll forget about it,” Raphael responded as he put his *sai* back.

“Listen guys, we‘ve tangled with Shredhead and his Technodrome plenty of times,” explained Leonardo. “In fact, we‘ve got all kinds of special gear back home for this sort of thing!”

“‘Special gear’?” questioned Leo.

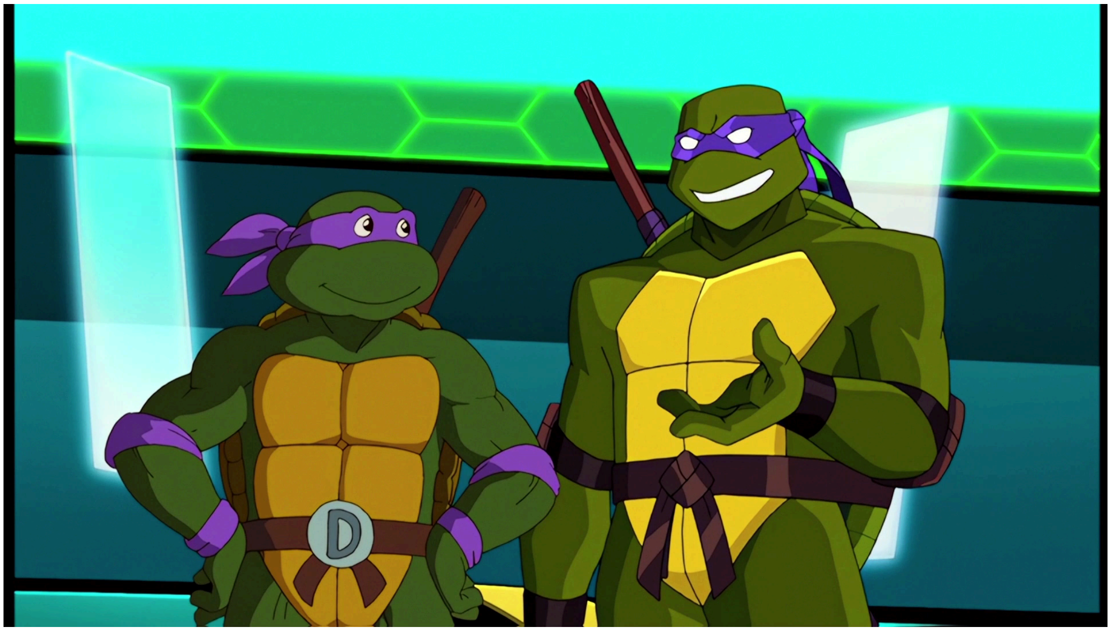
“Certainly,” nodded Donatello. “But like Leonardo said, it’s back in our home dimension. We’ll need to build some sort of Trans-Dimensional Portal device to get there…” As he pondered, he saw a discarded flashlight off to the side. “To quote so many great inventors—Eureka!”

“What’d you think of?” Don asked.

“What if we could construct some sort of gateway into other dimensions—but small enough to fit into most overhead compartments?” asked Donatello, taking the flashlight and holding it up. “Like…perhaps, some sort of Portal Rod?”

Leo looked over at his brainy brother. “Donny? Whatever he‘s talking about—can it be done?” he inquired.

“We‘ve seen time-travel windows, cybermats, transporters…heck, I‘ve even helped build a few myself,” replied Don. “But a Dimensional Portal…in a rod? It sounds, well…silly. No offense,” he told his counterpart.



“None taken. And besides, I’ve dealt with sillier,” Donatello responded. “With our combined brainpower, we should be able to make something incredible.”

And with that, he led his taller counterpart towards the lab so they could get to work.

Chapter 6:
AMBUSH!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE TECHNODROME…

Krang angrily pounded on the blast doors of the Trans-Dimensional Chamber, while the construction continued around him.

“You‘re not the *only* one who needs to use the trans-dimensional portal, y’know!” he demanded. “Open up! What’d you do—fall in?!”

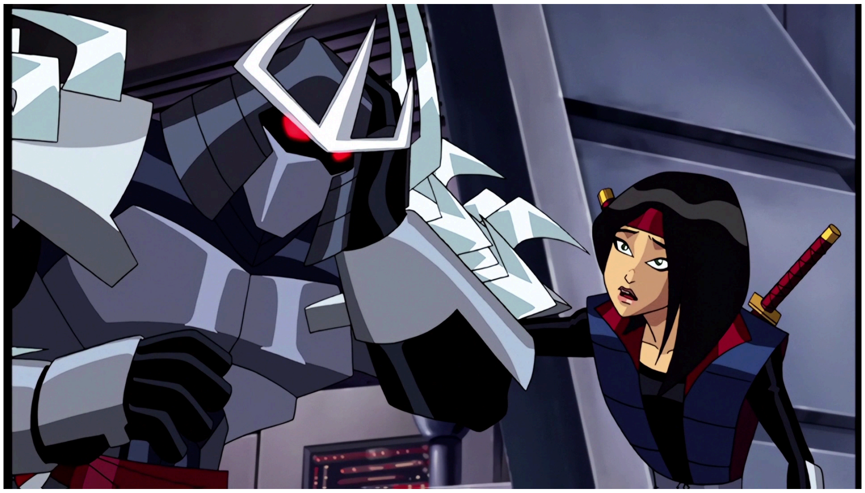
His complaints were silenced when Karai’s fist shattered the faceplate of his robot body, and yanked him from inside.

“AAAAGH! MY BODY!” Krang shrieked as the bio-suit toppled to the floor.

“Insolent slug!” hissed Karai. “The Shredder‘s business is his and his alone! Do not seek to interrupt him again.”

As she discarded him like a used tissue, the blast doors opened. And from within emerged the Utrom Shredder, looking like he’d just woken up from a particularly bad dream.

“Father, what is it? What‘s wrong?” Karai asked, looking from him, to the chamber. “What did you see in there?”



“…Turtles, Karai…” Utrom Shredder groaned, before he regained his composure. “I must have them. Both teams. At once…”

“For…revenge?” asked Karai.

Were he not wearing a mask, one would be able to see the sickening smile on Utrom Shredder’s fiendish face. “Whatever else…?” he asked, as his eyes glowed.

“Yes, REVENGE! At last! I knew you‘d come through!” declared Shredder. “Together, we shall utterly crush the turtles once and for—*WHUP*!” he narrowly dodged another blow that Utrom Shredder delivered, which would’ve knocked him across the room. “Ah…you almost had me there.”

“I see your reflexes are still sharp, if nothing else,” noted Utrom Shredder, before he turned to the shadows. “HUN! Tonight, you hunt! Find those who did this to you—and bring them to me!”

Hun’s fangs gleamed in the shadows. “I’m all over it,” he chuckled wickedly. “***COME!!***”

Bebop and Rocksteady stepped forward, each armed with a blaster.

“Now *dis*,” chuckled Bebop. “Is gonna be a blast!”

* * *

ELSEWHERE, IN THE LAIR…

The two Donatellos were still working on the Trans-Dimensional Portal Rod, a little while after the others had gone to catch some Z’s. The device in question was atop the table, attached to a network of cables.

“Okay—stand back!” Donatello exclaimed, as he pressed a switch. The cables pulsated…the rod crackled, and both Donatellos took cover…as it fizzled out. “I don’t get it…that should have worked.”

“Should have worked?” blurted Don, exasperated. “That’ll *never* work! That’s not a Trans-Dimensional Portal Rod, that’s…” he tapped a button on the side, causing the device to shine a bright yellow beam. “…a flashlight.”

“Past tense: it *was* a flashlight,” explained Donatello. “Which I put some new parts into. But with a bit more positive thinking, and some extra re-wiring, it’ll soon be a Trans-Dimensional Portal Rod! Now, be a pal and pass me a hammer?”

Don glanced at the tool on the nearby table. “All I have is a wrench,” he said, picking it up.

“Details, details,” Donatello waved him off. “Science isn’t all about facts, y’know. Sometimes…it just takes some ingenuity, and a little guesswork doesn’t hurt.”

As he twirled the wrench in his hand, he began hammering the side of the flashlight, pounding in a loose screw.

Suddenly, a massive tremor shook the lair. The two Donatellos looked at each other.

“What the shell was *that*?” asked Don.

Then, there was another tremor.

And finally, a massive explosion that blew apart the wall of the lair’s entertainment area! As debris shot everywhere, both Donatellos were knocked off their feet.

As the dust settled, in came Bebop, Rocksteady…and Hun, in all his ghoulish glory. He was a massive mutated turtle, with sharp fingernails, and pointy protrusions emerging from his elbows and shoulders. But that wasn’t all, folks—he was clad in a black bandana, wearing a black and purple belt with skulls on the sides, a pair of *tekko-kagi* claws, and on his back was a warhammer. In his left hand, he clutched a battle axe. Altogether, he looked like a twisted perversion of the very idea of a Ninja Turtle.

“***TUR-TLLLLES!!!!***” Hun roared.

“Oh, no…” Don muttered as he got to his feet.

“How‘d they find us?” asked Donatello.

A wicked smile spread across Hun’s horrible face. “They followed their nose,” he replied as he held up the Scent Analyzer [from *1987—0328:* **Beware the Lotus**]. “Don’t you just love their stupid technology?”

“Y’know what they say, the nose knows!” said Rocksteady, chuckling, right before he got hit by Splinter’s cane—which was thrown down from overhead.

Standing there were Splinter, Raph, Leo and Mikey, all ready to throw down.

“Who disturbs the sanctity of my home?!” demanded Splinter.

Bebop and Rocksteady, worried, each took a tiny step back and meekly pointed at Hun.

“Don‘t you recognize me, rodent?” the blonde bruiser bellowed. “Come examine your sons’ handiwork!”

All at once, the turtles realized who it was. “…*Hun?!*” exclaimed Mikey.

With a ferocious roar, Hun pulled out a mace and charged like a bull. Splinter and the turtles leapt away, as Hun swung the mace, which plowed right through the opposite wall.

KA-THOOM!

As the wall crumbled around him, Hun stood amidst the destruction, as though he was being bathed in the ashes. Once it was done, he burst free and smashed through another section of the wall.

Bebop and Rocksteady waved in a legion of laser-blasting robot Foot Soldiers, in an all-out attack.

Quickly, Don vaulted away from the lab, and Donatello ducked with something in his arms, as laser fire blew the lab apart. Amidst the mayhem, he continued his work.

Overhead, Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo emerged from their sleeping quarters, when suddenly they noticed the fight going on.

“I might be a little sleepy,” said Raphael. “But I can stave it off for a fight!”

Suddenly, lasers blasted the ramp out from under them, bringing them all down into the moat. Hun switched his mace out for his warhammer, which he held up and swung through another wall as he steamrolled through Leo, Splinter, support columns, Raph, equipment, and other such things.

“Alright, fearless leader—” said Raphael. “How do we beat Mister Big Green Wreckin’ Machine?”

“At the moment…” Leonardo responded. “…I’m open to suggestions!”

Raphael wiped his head. “Now I know how Custer must've felt…”

Mikey sprang into action, chuks-a-twirling, as he got ready to battle the robots, but they effortlessly dodged his attacks, and smacked him, sending him flying backwards.

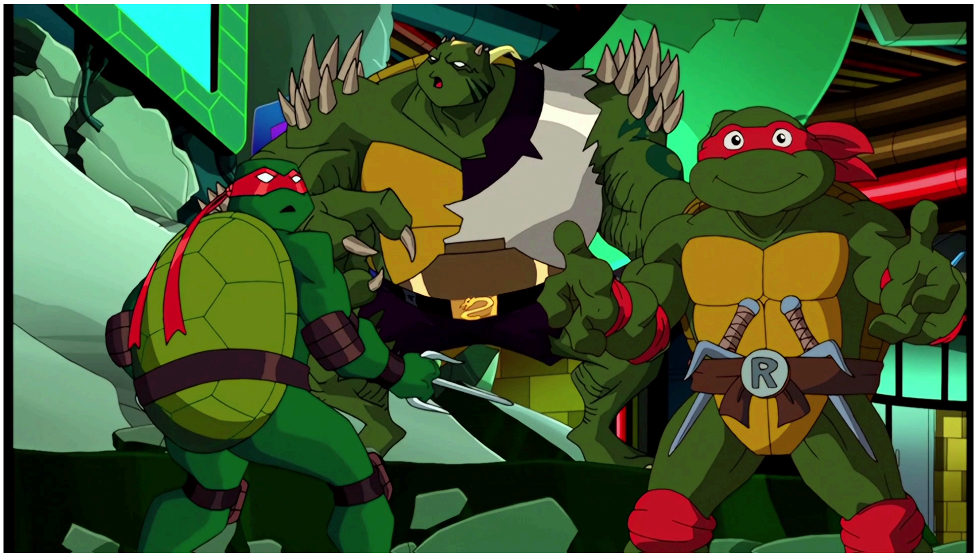
“...Robots 2-point-0?” he groaned. “Somehow, I don’t think these ones go ‘boom’ if you hit ‘em...”

As the fight raged, Splinter dodged laser fire, raced forward and delivered flying kicks to both Bebop and Rocksteady, knocking them backwards.

“So what‘s with the new look, gruesome?” asked Raph as Hun tried to smash him. “Couldn't rock your own style, so you became a Teenage Mutant Ninja Ripoff?”

“That mutagen turned me into the last thing I touched—” snarled Hun. “***MUTANT TURTLE FILTH!***”

“It’s not true,” Raphael told the reader. “We shower regularly.”



At that, both Hun and Raph looked around, confused at who he could be addressing. After a few seconds, Hun let out a roar and charged at the two red-bands, trying to smash them. Luckily, Leo sprang into action and bicycle-kicked Hun backward.

“Why are you here, Hun? What do you want?” he asked, as he charged with Raph and Mikey.

You have no idea what this is about, do you?” asked Hun, as he punched Raph away. “You don‘t even know...HE‘S BACK!”

As Raph and Mikey got to their feet, Leo raised a brow. “He...?”

Hun smirked a sinister smirk. “***THE ONE, TRUE SHREDDER!!***” he bellowed, which made the Turtles gasp in horror.

This time around, Hun lowered his head and started his “charging bull” routine, as he rammed through another support beam. Pipes ruptured, the ceiling began to crack, and other support beams buckled. As he fought off the robo-ninjas, Splinter took notice.

“My sons! We must retreat!” he called. “The lair is—” But he never got to finish, seeing as he was struck in the back by laser fire, knocking him down.

“FATHER!!” the Turtles screamed.

Hun strode over to the downed form of the rodent sensei. “Consider yourself lucky, vermin,” he snarled. “In any other case, I’d be happy to do a little pest control—but you’re still needed.”

“Hang on, compadres!” said Michelangelo as Raphael and Leonardo got to their feet. “We’ll go get ‘im!”

But as they sprang out to retrieve Splinter, they were beaten back by laser fire, courtesy of Bebop and Rocksteady, as well as the advanced Foot Soldiers.

“You know, nothing says working smart like falling back,” commented Raphael.

So, they headed to the remains of Don‘s lab, as the lair continued to crumble around them.

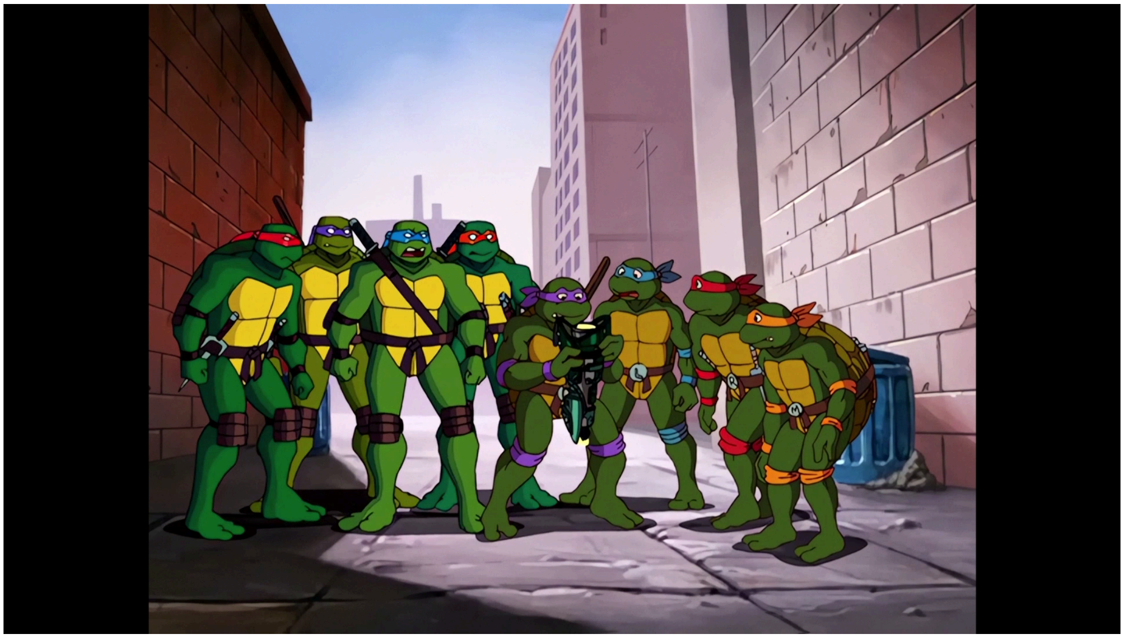
As Donatello continued wrenching, he gave the Portal Rod one last firm smack…and then, it sparked, crackled, and glowed!

“As I said before…” Donatello commented. “…EUREKA!”

As the entire roof collapsed, it looked like certain death. But then, hope! A burst of light flooded the area, covering the Turtles completely…

* * * *

…and then, they re-appeared in an alleyway…but not in the same world!



“What just happened?” asked Leo. “Where’s Master Splinter?”

“…I don’t know…” replied Leonardo. “But I *do* know where WE are.”

“Huh?” asked Leo as he took a look outside of the alleyway. In the streets were bizarrely-dressed people walking about, and unusual buildings: **NINJA PIZZA, NINJA DRY CLEANER, NINJA VIDEO RENTAL, NINJA DENTIST (ow!)**.

“Rock, dudes!” exclaimed Michelangelo. “We’re HOME!!”

Chapter 7:
Smells like Green Spirit!

Creative Combat Consultant:
Jack Collins/TMNTGuy

EARTH-87
2:30 PM

“This is *your* universe?” asked Don, bewildered. “Why does it all look so…*weird*?”

“Honestly, we could say the same about yours,” replied Raphael.

“Still, it’s great to be home!” Michelangelo exclaimed, before Raph grabbed him and pinned him to the wall.

“What the shell are we doin‘ here?!” he snapped.

“We’re still breathing, is what we’re doing…” wheezed Michelangelo.

Suddenly…

KRAK!

Raph went flying across the alley, courtesy of a solid right hook from Raphael. "Alright, admit it," he told the readers. "You were waiting for me to do that, too, weren't ya?"

Raph pulled himself to his feet. “So…that’s it then, eh?” he asked.

“Yep,” nodded Raphael. “Sure, Michelangelo’s a goof, but NOBODY messes with him. It’s time you had an attitude adjustment!”

“What, and YOU’RE gonna give it to me?” sneered Raph.

“In a word? ***YES***,” retorted Raphael.

“FINE!” Raph shouted as he charged his counterpart.

And so, both turtles pulled out their sai, and started dueling, parrying and blocking each other's blows. Raphael managed to gain the advantage and disarm Raph, then he delivered a side-kick to his jaw, and threw the taller turtle over his shoulder.

Alas, Raph wasn't going to take this lying down. He got up, and sucker-punched the shorter turtle, sending him toppling into a couple of trash cans. As Raphael lay on the floor, Raph approached, readying for a serious beatdown.

"Now hold still," he insisted, raising his fist. "This'll only hurt for a second!"

Before they could come to blows again, Leo got between the both of them. "***KNOCK IT OFF, THE BOTH OF YOU!!***" he snapped. "Master Splinter is in danger, and instead of helping us plan our next move, YOU'D RATHER FIGHT LIKE A PAIR OF CHILDREN!!"

Both turtles started feeling really foolish about what they'd been doing.

"Leave it to Leo to put it in perspective…" sighed Raph, before he turned to his counterpart.

"Yep—just another thing they have in common," said Raphael. "…look, us butting heads isn't going to help save your Splinter any faster. So let's bury the hatchet, OK?"

He reached out a hand, and his counterpart took it, no strings attached.

"Now that you've settled things, we can get back to business," said Leonardo. "Donatello 'ported us out of there before we got flattened into manhole covers!"

Donatello smiled at his counterpart. "And *you* were convinced it wouldn't work," he remarked.

"Look, we're going back, we're saving Splinter," said Leo. "And we're stopping that Technodrome. But we've got another problem. Hun mentioned the one true Shredder."

Raph looked positively grim at those words. "An' you *know* what that means…" he replied.

"Our little alien Utrom is back," finished Mikey.

"…what's an Utrom?" Michelangelo inquired.

"Loooong story," Mikey replied. "One we don't have time for."

"I'll say you don't have time!" said a voice, prompting both groups of turtles to whirl around, shocked.

Standing before them was a young bespectacled woman in a blue turtleneck, a purple skirt, and a ponytail.

The smaller Turtles' eyes widened in recognition. "IRMA!" they exclaimed.

"I was *hoping* to run into you four…" Irma replied, before she noticed the Turtles from Earth-'03. "Did I hit my head, or are there eight of you now?"

"Chill, lady!" Mikey insisted. "We're not here! Better yet, we're not even *real*!"

"Ease up, Mike," replied Donatello. "Irma's a friend of ours. Remember, where we come from, half of New York is on our side."

"So, what's up, Irma?" asked Raphael.

"April sent me to look for you guys," said Irma. "We were at this scientific expo where Dr. Ruber Flavin was demonstrating his invention that was supposed to make food grow larger, but it backfired, and now we've got food monsters running rampant!"

"And where's April?" asked Michelangelo.

"Where *else*?" Irma responded. "Right in the thick of it."

And thus, there came a scream. As the Turtles looked out, they saw a familiar red-headed reporter clad in her yellow jumpsuit in the midst of the street, being assuaged by a litany of giant food products: a monster banana, a massive milkshake, a pair of giant black olives, a giant head of lettuce, a massive box of french fries, and a giant meatball [*minus* spaghetti]. There was also a giant carrot running amok.

April reached into her satchel and drew out her camcorder. "Might not be my gun, but I might as well get some footage! Burne would want it that way…" she muttered.

"C'mon, guys—time to establish a food chain!" said Leonardo as he drew his swords.

"***GO, GREEN MACHINE!!***"

And so, the Turtles sprang into action, while the 03-Turtles watched. Leonardo jumped towards the olives, drawing his swords.

"Taste cold steel!" he exclaimed, as the screen went black, only punctuated by gleaming silver slices…

SWISH! SHLING! SLASH!

…and he landed on the ground behind them, as they fell into neatly-sliced pieces.

Raphael, meanwhile, was contending with the monster banana, which came running towards him. “I’m ready to peel out…” he began as he jumped up, and pulled down the banana’s face-peel. “…so I can give your friend the slip!”

The second banana snarled and tried to run charge at Raph, only to slip on the first banana’s peel and fall.

“Now *that’s* a payoff!” Raphael brushed his hands off.

The ‘03 Turtles looked on in confusion. “Is that a mutant…*banana*?” Raph asked, like he couldn’t believe his eyes.

“Not mutant, *monster*,” Irma corrected. “Didn’t you hear me?”

“This universe is *seriously* messed-up,” commented Mikey.

As the mutant fries, milkshake and meatball attacked, Donatello pole-vaulted over and tripped up the milkshake, causing his contents to spill out. Of course, this caused the meatball and the fries to slip and fall, the latter spilling his fries.

That just left the pizza slices, the carrot, and the lettuce to deal with.

“Hey, Leonardo!” called Michelangelo. “How’d ya feel about a salad to go with those slices?”

“That sounds perfect to me, Michelangelo!” responded Leonardo as he once again drew his swords. “First, to dice the carrot!”

“Don’t forget to wash it first!” Raphael exclaimed as he ran over to a fire hydrant and broke it open, spraying the monster carrot with a stream of water. As the leafy-headed veggie beast screeched from being sprayed, Leonardo darted towards it and began slicing away.

As he re-sheathed his swords, the monster carrot fell into neatly-cut slices.

“I got these ones!” Raphael called as he sprang towards the pizza slices, and pulled out his sai, dodging a grab, then cutting them up so small that you could put one on a platter, and still have room for the other.

The last one to deal with was the monster lettuce. Reaching into his satchel, Donatello pulled out some shurikens and hurled them at the attacking vegetable. Suddenly, the shuriken began to beep…

BOOM!

…and in seconds, the lettuce monster was reduced to the trimmings for a salad.

“Well! Looks like we just won the food fight!” Donatello remarked as he and the others came back together. “You alright, April?”

The redhead ran a hand through her hair. “As well as I can be. Kinda wish I brought my *other* camera,” she replied. “But I think I held my own for as long as I could. And I guess the food fiends aren’t the only story in town. What’s the story behind your lookalikes?”

“It’s a long story,” replied Leonardo. “And hopefully I’ll have time to explain it. We’ve gotta get these guys to the lair, anyway—and fast!”

“Wait, you’re April? Um, what‘s with the yellow jumpsuit?” asked Don. “…do you work at a car wash in this universe?”

“April O’Neil, ace reporter, actually,” April explained. “And as for the jumpsuit, it’s a lot easier to maneuver in, as opposed to a dress and heels.”

“Let’s go, and fast!” said Raphael. “Besides, the story’s not gonna stand around and wait for us to progress, y’know!”

“I’m coming, too!” Irma said, taking hold of Donatello’s arm. “…after all, you never know if there could be any more food monsters lurking about~”

“Well, the more the merrier, compadre,” shrugged Michelangelo. “But I guess we’ll need to use the secret entrance!”

And so, both groups of Turtles, as well as their human compatriots, headed off and climbed into a phone booth.

“Eight turtles, two humans…going down…!” grunted Leonardo as he pressed a side button, and the booth descended underground.

Within minutes, the booth came to a complete stop, and all individuals involved tumbled out and lay in a heap.

Don looked out in front, seeing that they’d landed in front of a pair of furry feet…which belonged to the Master Splinter of this universe! He wore a magenta robe, and instead of gray fur, he had brown fur.

“Welcome home, my Turtles…” Splinter greeted, before he noticed that his students weren’t alone. “…and… my Turtles?”

To say the Turtles of Earth-’03 were bewildered would be nothing short of an understatement.

A FEW MINUTES LATER…

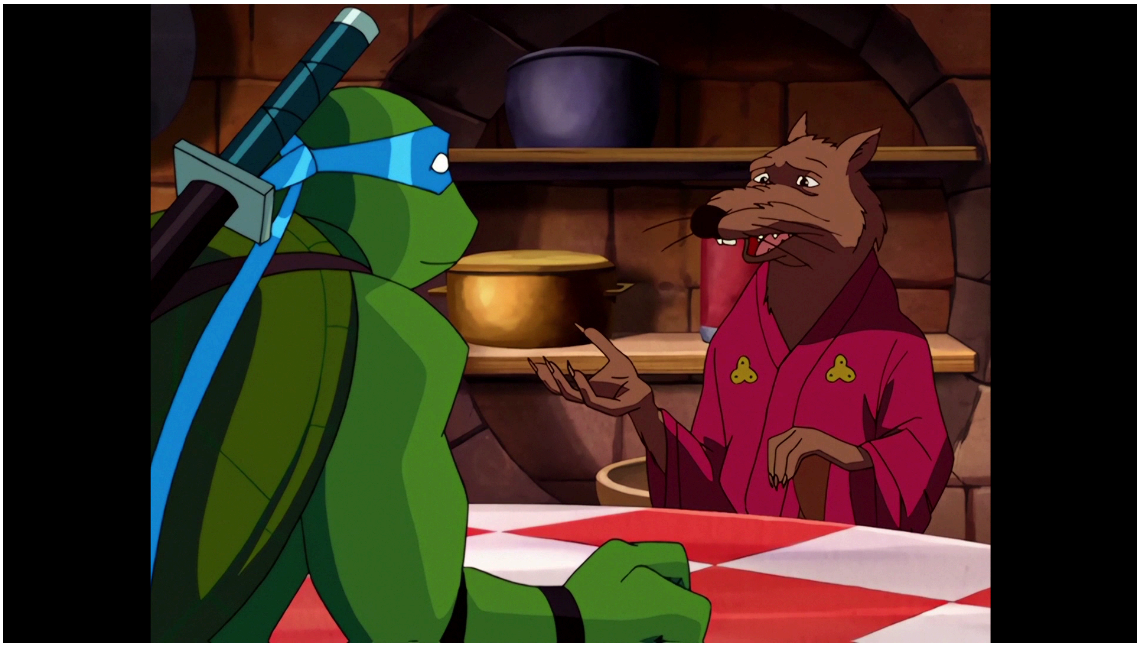
Donatello had placed his things down and was rummaging through a cabinet for his supplies. “I‘ll get that gear together and we‘ll be on our way in no time!” he declared.

While the smaller turtle went to grab the items, Mikey and the Earth-87 Turtles played “One Potato-Two Potato” to kill time. Of course, Mikey did spare time to enlighten April and the others about the situation.

In the kitchen, Earth-87’s Splinter gave Leo and Raph each a small bowl of rice. “Please, take this moment to nourish your body and soul,” he explained. “As you prepare for the challenge that lies ahead of you.”

Leo smiled. “Thank you…Master,” he replied. “My brothers and I have found your universe to be—well, disorienting—but being here…seeing you…feels right.”

Earth-’87 Splinter nodded in response. “To me also, Leonardo,” he replied. “You four are welcome here, always.”



Raph rubbed his hand absently, and poked at his rice with a pair of chopsticks. “Heh. That‘s kinda what our Master Splinter said…to us…about…*them*,” he replied.

Suddenly, he couldn’t bring himself to eat. He put his chopsticks down, and sighed. Leo put a hand on his brother’s shoulder. “I know,” he responded. “I’m worried about him, too.”

MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH-’03, ABOARD THE TECHNODROME…

Splinter was thrown to the floor, in energy shackles. He looked like he’d been put through the wringer, considering the amount of bruises he was dealing with.

Needless to say, Ch’rell was *not* pleased. “What is this? I ask for the turtles, and you bring me back their…*rat*?!” he scowled.

“We became separated when their lair collapsed,” explained Hun. “But this is an opportunity—for as long as you have their rat, the Turtles will come running.”

As Karai listened, she looked around the portal chamber, seeing it was being refitted…for *something*.
“Father…? What is this all about?” she asked.

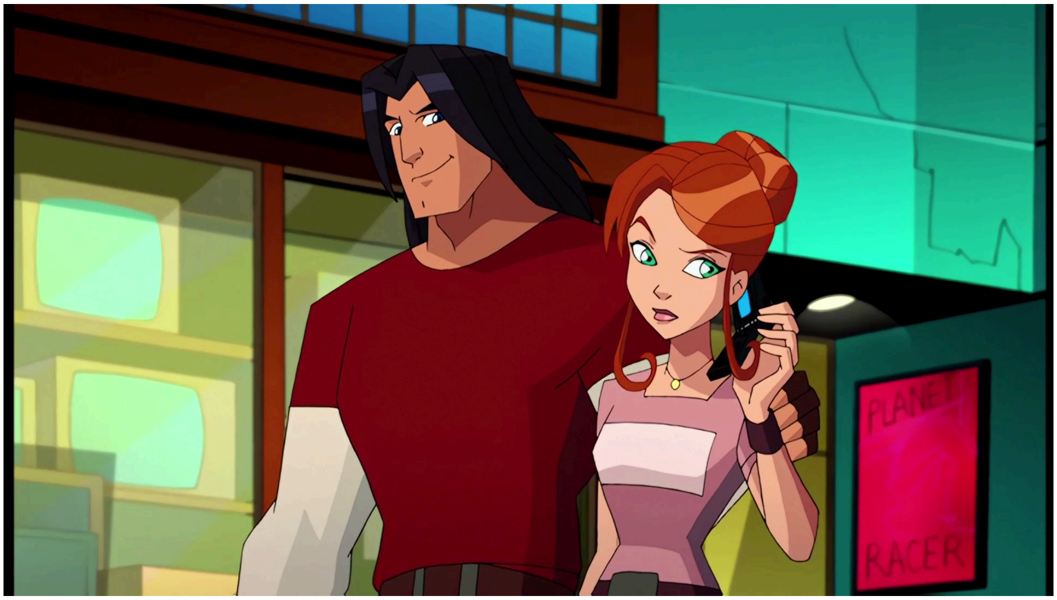
“The turtles,” Ch’rell replied. “For my plans to proceed…I must have them.”

He turned to face his former subordinate. “You have done well, Hun,” he congratulated. “And now…let us make ourselves easier to find. The time has come…” he declared, before he raised his arms skyward. “…***TO RIIIIIIISE!!***”

UP ON THE SURFACE…

BIG APPLE
7:30 PM

If you ignored the scene we'd just witnessed, it was a pretty peaceful-looking evening. But even as she and Casey were taking an evening stroll, April looked concerned.



“Nothing…” she muttered as she closed her phone. “They‘re *still* not answering. I‘m telling you, Casey, something‘s wrong.”

“Ah, I‘m sure they‘re fine, April,” insisted Casey. “I mean, take a look around. It‘s a beautiful night! Everythin‘s peachy!”

Just then, the ground began to shake. Windows shattered. And people were knocked off their feet by these sudden, unexpected tremors. A taxi was upended, and thrown through the air by a burst of steam, which escaped through a newly-formed rupture in the street.

Amidst this, a spiderweb of cracks radiated across the city streets. And with one more deep ominous rumble, the epicenter of the web gave way to a deep, dark chasm.

Casey grabbed April and pulled her to safety, narrowly missing getting flattened by the falling taxi. “What I said about ‘peachy’?” he clarified. “Nevermind!”

And within the smoke of the chasm, *something* emerged from the depths…

Meanwhile, back on Earth-’87…

The others were waiting in the living room, but April was fuming.

“Can you *believe* this?” she asked. “That weasel Vernon stole my story…but I’ll get one up on him! Nobody at Channel 6 has ever gotten news coverage of a battle between two universes!”

Mikey blinked. “Your April sure is dedicated to her job, isn’t she?” he asked.

“That’d be putting it lightly,” commented Irma.

Mikey gave an impressed whistle. “Watch out, Lois Lane—you’ve got competition!” he remarked.

Just then, Donatello returned from his lab. “Okay guys, here‘s everything we‘ll need to take down the Technodrome,” he replied as he set down a box. “Explosive throwing stars, extra grappling hooks, climbing claws…”

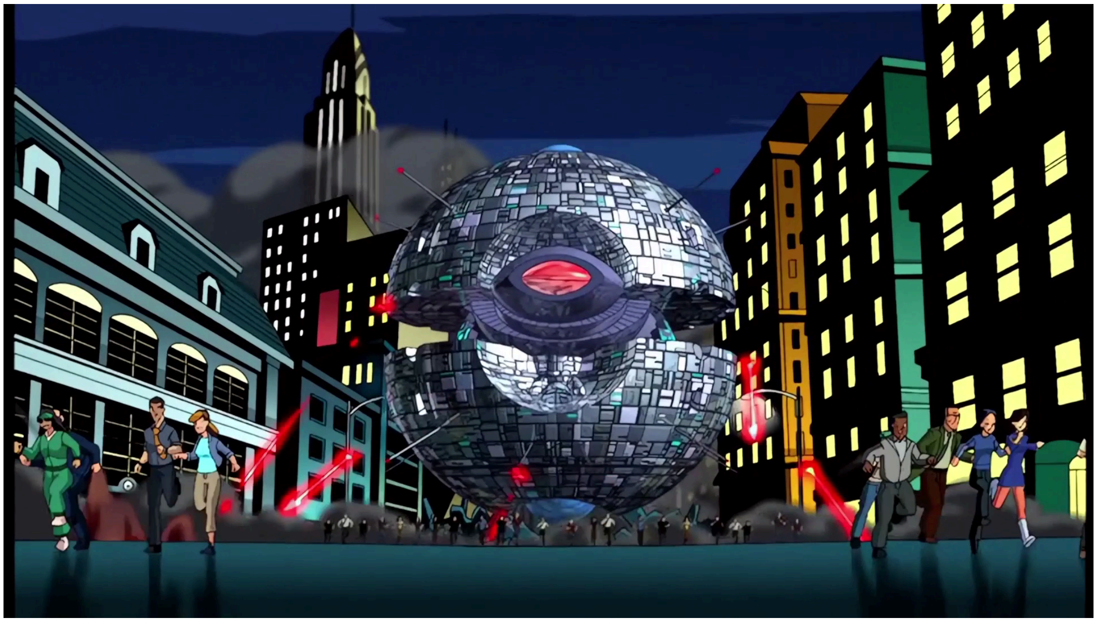
“And I’ve got the pizzas,” Raphael chimed in. “We’re good to go!”

“Gonna be tough to eat while we’re busy throwin’ down, ain’t it?” asked Raph.

“Yeah,” replied Mikey. “Unless you’re gonna share once it’s all said and done.”

“We’ll decide after we beat the bad guys,” said Leonardo. “Now let‘s open up a portal back into your world and bring Shredder down!”

As Donatello activated his Trans-Dimensional Portal, it projected a most terrifying image: people were screaming and running through the streets of New York, being chased by the new and improved, utterly terrifying, and awesomely armed… **TECHNODROME 2.0**, hovering through the streets as it fired lasers, like a modern-day Death Star.



“Holy *shell*!” Raph exclaimed.

“Is that…the Technodrome?!” blurted Don.

“Our city!” gasped Leo.

“Dude, I don‘t think exploding shurikens are gonna cut it this time!” gulped Mikey.

Ladies, gentlemen, non-binaries, now we are REALLY ramping up here! We're just a little of the way through the film, and now the fun can truly begin. Keep your eyes peeled for some other 2003 series characters, like Agent Bishop, the Justice Force, and, if we can squeeze him in, Baxter Stockman.

Plus, we're not just restricted to referencing TMNT media that existed by the time this was released. So…prepare thyselves!

Chapter 8:
A Multiverse of Mutated Mayhem

In Times Square, pedestrians screamed and fled for their lives as the Technodrome 2.0 floated through the streets like a deadly dirigible, causing destruction on a grand scale.

As the Jumbotron and Times Square Building were both demolished, in came the approaching forces of the National Guard. Row after row after row of tanks, jeeps, humvees, soldiers and, flying overhead, F-16 Fighting Falcons headed into action to hold off the fearsome fortress.

The Guard opened fire, unleashing round after round of ammunition…but the Technodrome activated its protective energy shields. The bullets and shells struck the shield and were absorbed on contact, leaving nothing in its wake.

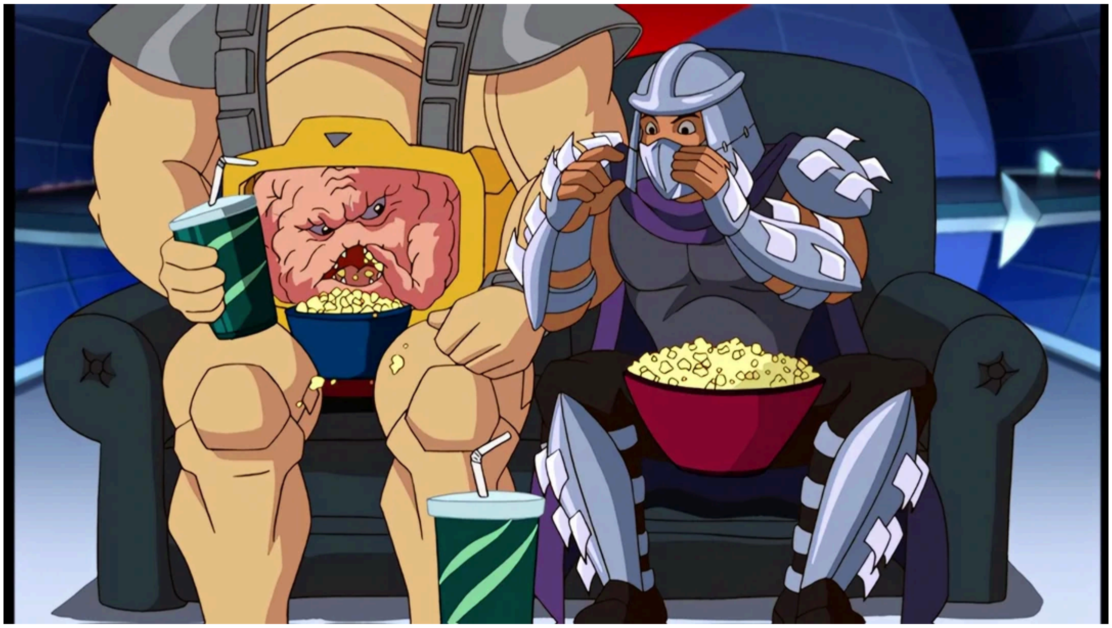
From the sky, the F-16s launched their missiles, which exploded on the shields…and the resulting energy was absorbed into the shields, then turned into an energy beam, and fired back into the sky, blowing the jets to dust!

“We’ve got to retreat!” exclaimed a sergeant, as his troops turned and ran, seconds before their tanks were blown apart as well.

Aboard the Technodrome, Utrom Shredder laughed wickedly as he watched from his new perch.

“Did they *really* believe their military could stop this Technodrome?” he scoffed. “Fools!”

From nearby, Shredder and Krang were watching from a couch, each eating popcorn and drinking sodas.



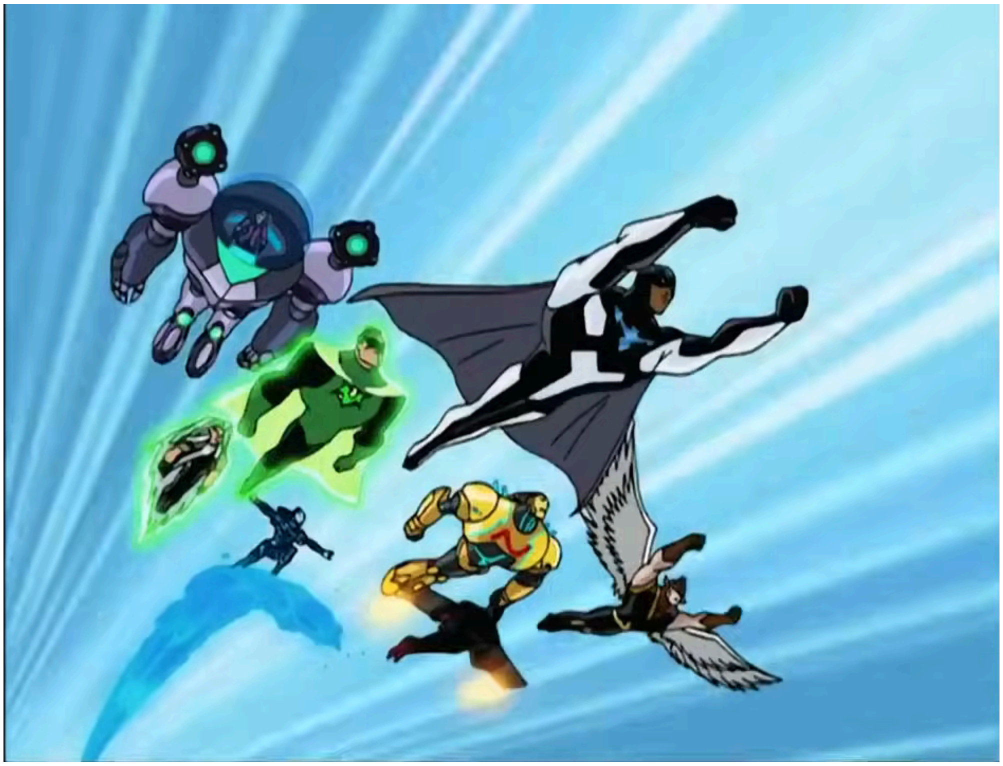
“He’s quite good,” commented Shredder.

Krang shushed him. “I don’t want to miss anything!” he retorted. “…such as your plan to gain the advantage.”

Shredder crossed his arms. “It’s all a part of playing the long game, Krang,” he retorted.

“My onslaught has only *just* begun!” declared Utrom Shredder, before the radar began to pick up something. “…something just entered our vicinity at blinding speeds…what the devil is that?”

In the skies was a dark-skinned man in a white and blue superhero costume, and besides him were a slew of other costumed individuals.



Dr. Chaplin, who was nearby, took a look. “I remember them!” he exclaimed. “They’re the Justice Force!”

“Is that so, then?” Utrom Shredder glowered. “As I said, my onslaught has only just begun,” he turned on the intercom. “Hun? Take the dragons, and go have some…*fun*.”

Outside the Technodrome, the gangplank lowered, and standing at the helm was Hun, flanked by dozens of mutated Purple Dragons.

“***DRAGONS!!***” roared Hun. “Squash the super-chumps! THIS CITY…IS ***OURS!!***”

“The master said ‘have fun’!” squawked a mutated snapping turtle.

“Yeah…’fun’!” agreed a mutated wolf.

“Is that right?” asked Hun. “Well, he’s no master of *mine*.”

And all at once, they charged into the city, flooding the streets, attacking and blasting soldiers, pedestrians—basically, EVERYTHING that was in their path. And backing them up were the Footbots. Just when it seemed like things were getting bad, the Justice Force came in to even the odds. And of course, it didn’t hurt that Casey Jones was also ready to lend a helping hand!

“GOONGALA!” he exclaimed as he soared through the air on his motorcycle, mowing down several of the Footbots. “What the heck *are* these things?” he asked.

From overhead, the Turtle Copter soared in, blasting the ‘bots with its laser cannon. “Whatever they are, we have to help the Justice Force stop ‘em, Casey!” replied April.

As he grappled with a giant mutated pangolin, Silver Sentry tossed the big ugly aside. “Thanks for the assistance!” he replied.

While the Turtle Copter was flying overhead, one of the mutants took his blaster and fired on the helicopter, knocking it out of the sky.

“Casey!” called April. “I’ve been hit!”

* * *

MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH-87...

“Looks like the Technodrome got itself a makeover...” gulped Don while watching the chaos unfold. “...of the Utrom kind.”

“Then maybe it’s time we bust out two of our baddest rides!” Michelangelo exclaimed, pulling out a keyfob and pressing it. Behind him, headlights activated, and a low, humming sound could be heard.

To say the Earth-03 Turtles were flummoxed, would again, be an understatement.

“...that’s actually...kinda cool...” Raph managed to say, rubbing his eyes.

Did I just say that? he thought to himself.

* * *

BACK ON EARTH-03...

“APRIL!” cried Casey. “EJECT!!”

Onboard the plummeting copter, April slammed her fist into the EJECT button, and was rocketed out, seat and all, as the Turtle Copter plummeted to an unfortunate end. As the seat parachuted down, it was suddenly caught in midair by Ananda.

“Thanks for the save,” April responded.

Ananda smiled. “Think nothing of it,” she replied. “But I think we’ll need a miracle if we want to win *this* game!”

Suddenly, as if her wish had been granted, a massive dimensional portal opened from behind. And out came…the Turtle Van [not the Party Wagon, that’s the name of the toy], followed by the Neutrino Starcruiser!

“All right, guys!” April beamed.

“Go, Turtles!” cheered Casey.

“Sorry we’re late!” called Donatello, passing by April and Casey. The two blinked, and then looked at each other in confusion.

“Crud!” groaned Raph, looking like he was ready to die of embarrassment. “There goes my rep! Why’d Casey hafta see us in this stupid van?!”

“For the record, it’s the *Turtle Van*, and it is NOT stupid,” corrected Donatello, quiet but irritated. “And unless you have a vehicle of your own, then you can gladly walk.”

[Author’s Note: Donatello is 110% done with ‘03 Raph’s shit. And considering all the crap he’s been giving them…who can blame him?]

Raph simply crossed his arms and turned away.

Earth-87 April was still doing her report, with Irma working the camera. “That’s right, I’ve just landed in the middle of an all-out mutant/robot/superhero brawl in a New York City that’s parallel to our own!” she continued. “I’ll continue to keep you updated on the ***Multiversal Mutant Mayhem***! April O’Neil, for Happy Hour News!”

“Perhaps it would be prudent to save the reporting for *after* the danger has passed?” suggested ‘87 Splinter.

“Maybe,” replied ‘87 April. “But how many times does *this* sort of opportunity come along?”

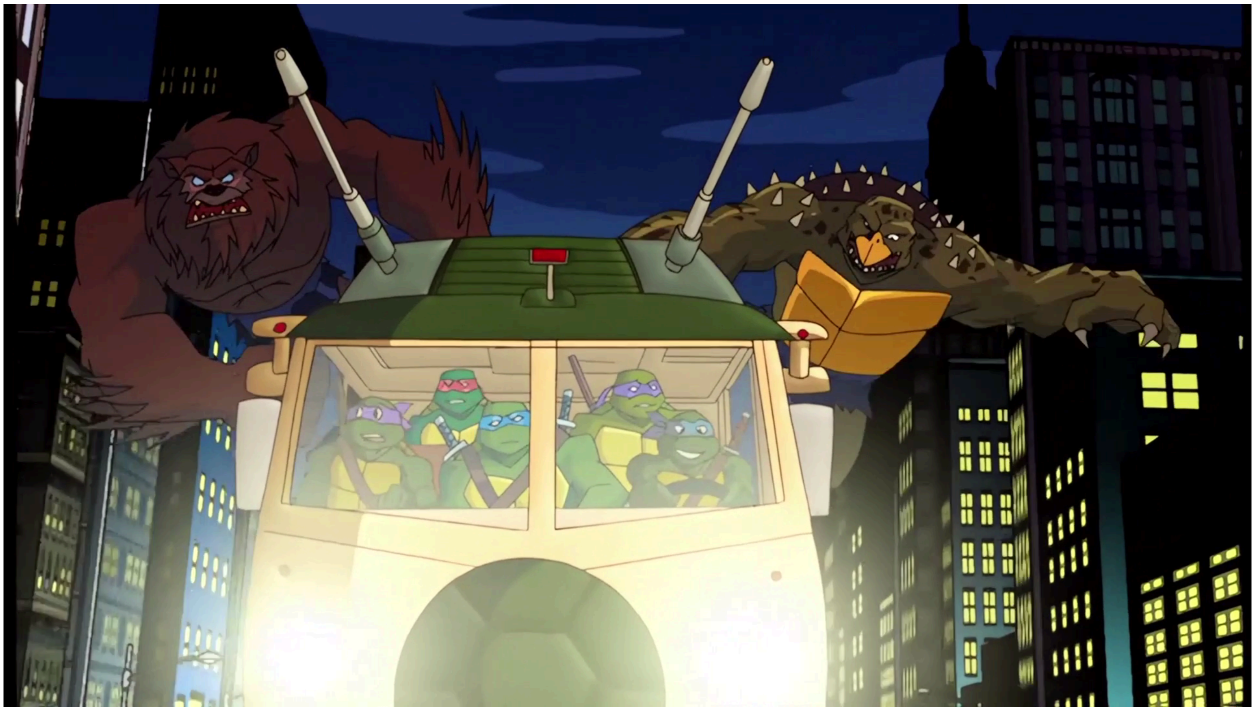
Overhead, Mikey, Michelangelo, and Raphael were soaring over the crowd in the Starmobile.

“Now *this* is a sweet ride!” Mikey exclaimed. “Any weapons on this thing?”

"You kidding, dude?" Michelangelo replied. "Where this baby comes from, they're required by law!"

"Then quit yappin', and start zappin'!" Mikey exclaimed as he began pressing buttons on the dashboard. Immediately, energy beams began firing from the headlights, and sent the mutants below flying, while blasting the Footbots into pieces.

Back on the ground, the Turtle Van ripped through the city, roaring past, and sometimes roaring OVER monsters and robots alike. But then, the snapping turtle and the wolf jumped onto the sides and started clawing at the doors, trying to rip their way in!



"Just what I was afraid of—hitchhikers," remarked Irma. "And they're not even cute!"

"Relax, Irma," Donatello assured. "There's a precaution for that!"

Suddenly, the van's side panels swung open, revealing Leo and Raph manning the two side laser turrets. The sudden swing-open knocked Tokka and Rahzar off the panels, sending them tumbling along the pavement.

With the obstructions gone, Leo and Raph were free to begin opening fire.

"This thing's not even ticklin' those uglies!" Raph angrily assured as the laser projectiles simply bounced off of the mutant attackers.

“It’ll work a lot better if you take it off of stun,” responded Donatello, pointing to a knob on the turret’s left side.

“Huh? Oh, yeah.” the hot-headed turtle said as he adjusted the knob, then resumed firing. This time, the laser blasts struck the mutant monsters, and knocked them on their asses, in addition to blowing the Footbots to pieces.

“Heh-hey, yeah!” Raph laughed as he started button-mashing on the blasters. “EAT HOT LEAD, TURKEYS!”

From above, Raphael smiled at his counterpart. “Ah, the boy likes his work!” he remarked.

“I say we divebomb ‘em!” Mikey declared. “The creeps’ll never see it coming!”

“Dude…you must be *some* kinda crazy…” replied Michelangelo. “…and right now, it’s just what we need!”

So Mikey gripped the stick shift, and veered it forward, causing the Starcruiser to swoop down, mowing its way through the thugs and uglies—the thuglies, if you will. Once they hit the ground, the Turtle Van stopped by them.

“Come on, you cleared a path!” called Leo. “Now let‘s end this once and for all!”

Boarding the Turtle Van, the group headed in as April kept recording. As the van departed, Hun emerged from a pile of mangled mutants.

They think they’ve beaten me! They think they’ve won! Hun fumed to himself. *Well, we’ll see who laughs last…*

Out of his belt, he took a Foot Clan badge. “This is Hun,” he spoke. “One to beam aboard.”

And in a flash of sparkling light, he disappeared.

From atop his viewpoint, Utrom Shredder watched with wicked glee. “Yes…step into my parlor, said the Shredder to the flies…” he hissed.

Suddenly, ‘87 Shredder and Krang stormed over, irate. “What the devil are you doing?” asked ‘87 Shredder. “They’re right in your crosshairs!”

“Stop wasting time and obliterate them!” croaked Krang.

Instantly, Utrom Shredder whirled around, and struck them both, knocking them backwards.

“RESTRAIN THESE BUFFOONS!” he demanded.

Nearby, Bebop and Rocksteady looked at each other, surprised, then grabbed Shredder and Krang and dragged them off.

“Sorry, boss,” Bebop grunted.

“Unhand me, you walking ivory set!” Shredder demanded.

“You’ll be hearing from my trans-dimensional attorneys!” Krang bellowed.

Utrom Shredder smiled at the two mutants’ compliance. “And who says good help is hard to find these days?” he remarked, glancing at the reader.

Outside the Technodrome, a small gangplank rolled out as the Turtle Van rolled to a halt.

“Looks like they’re rolling out the welcome mat,” commented Raphael.

“Then how come I ain’t feelin’ welcome?” remarked Raph.

“Hey, looks like you might be ‘cool but rude’ after all!” Raphael smirked, patting his counterpart on the back.

“Let’s do this!” said Leonardo, as he climbed out—but Leo stopped him.

“Wait. This Shredder isn’t like your Shredder,” explained the blue-banded turtle. “He’s vicious.”

“Lethal,” added Don.

“***PSYCHOTIC!***” Mikey chimed in.

“Last time we fought him, we almost died,” responded Raph. “If we go in…no sayin’ if we come out.”

For a time, silence reigned, and the Earth-87 Turtles all looked at each other, as if considering their chances.

…finally, the choice was made.

“Whether he’s a human, an alien, a shark—” began Leonardo, reaching a hand out.

“Or some kind of zombie, or a giant chicken!” Michelangelo interjected.

“A Shredder’s still a Shredder!” Donatello finished. “And like *any* Shredder, he’s susceptible to one thing.”

“That’s right,” Raphael chimed in. “Four flavors of mean, green, butt-kickin’ teen!”

As Leo looked upon the faces of the shorter Turtles, he couldn’t help but smile. In spite of the danger, these four were willing to take up arms and fight for a world that wasn’t even their own.

Something about that was positively commendable.

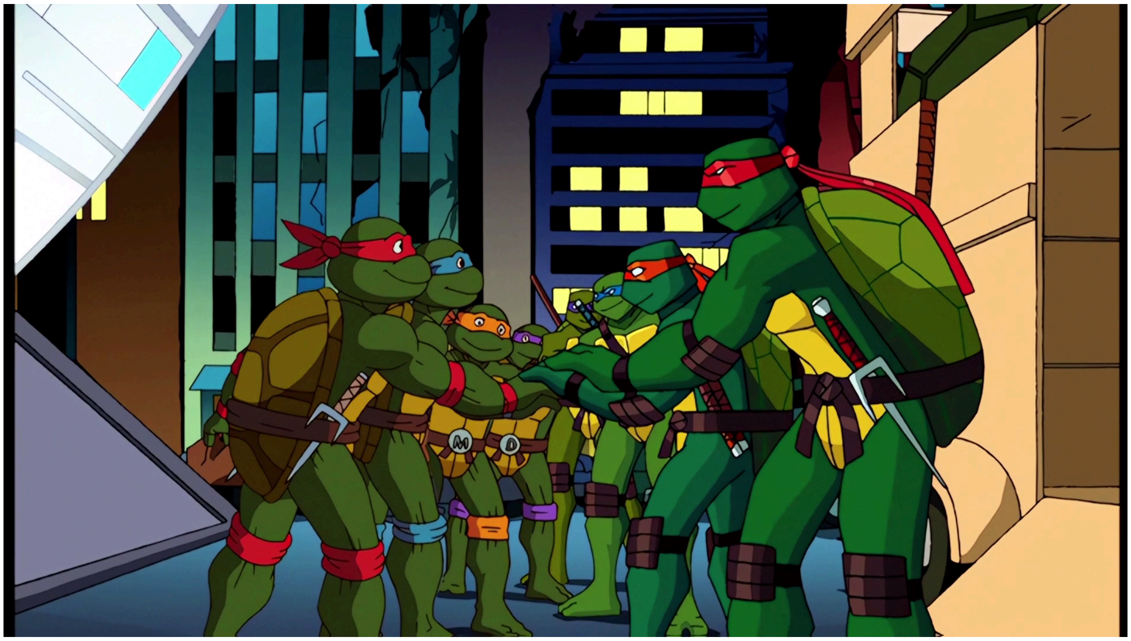
With that, Leo put his hand out on top of Leonardo’s, and both sets of brothers followed suit.

“Today, we’re more than allies,” said Leo. “We’re brothers.”

‘87 Splinter smiled. “I imagine your Master Splinter would be deeply proud of you all,” he commented.

“***TURTLE POWER!***” exclaimed the Earth-87 Turtles.

“***IT’S NINJA TIME!***” declared the Earth-03 Turtles.



At any other moment, Raphael would've made a remark pointing out the corniness of such a catchphrase. Right now, though?

…it wouldn't have felt right.

SHORTLY, ABOARD THE TECHNODROME…

After Master Splinter had headed off to do some recon inside the 'Drome, both turtle teams ventured down a dark hall, remaining ever-alert, and ready for anything.

"Turtles…" sneered the all-too-familiar voice of Utrom Shredder, getting their attention. "…thank you for accepting my humble invitation."

Leo stepped up first. "You always *did* throw the best parties," he reflected, before he gave Utrom Shredder a crushing kick that sent him staggering back. Before he had a chance to recover, the others attacked him with weapons aplenty, giving him zero quarter.

Next, the '87 Turtles attacked him, peppering him with blow after blow. He fought back as much as he could, but there were just too damned many of them!

Finally, Raph slammed him in the chest, sending him flying through the open doors of the Trans-Dimensional Chamber.

"I thought you dudes said this Shredhead was tough!" Michelangelo remarked.

Finally, both turtle teams made their way into the chamber, only to find Splinter chained to the middle of the room.

"MY SONS – IT'S A TRAP!!" he exclaimed.

The turtles had no time to react, as the blast doors sealed shut. Both groups spun around, and saw Utrom Shredder, standing at the command center with Hun.

"If there is one constant in the Multiverse, it's the predictability of you turtles," he sneered. "Threaten something you hold dear… and you'll ignore your better instincts. You *should* have stayed away."

He pressed a button, and suddenly—the chamber space began to transform! All four walls pushed backwards, making the floor a center island within the vast chamber upon which the Turtles, Splinter, Shredder, Hun, and the Trans-Dimensional Portal, now free standing, remained. Then, the walls began to curve. Within seconds, the chamber became a massive, intimidating room that looked like the Cerebro station from the X-Men movies.

“Now, shall we begin?” Utrom Shredder sneered.

Hun smirked and pressed a button; suddenly, the curved chamber walls pulsated with power, and shot out energy tendrils that engulfed the Turtles and strapped them to the walls!

“Stop this, Shredder!” demanded Splinter. “NOW!”

“That’s the idea, rodent,” grinned Hun. “Now…and FOREVER!”

And then, the chamber walls began to spin. They started slowly, at first, but then they got faster and faster with each further rotation.

“Ya plan on doin‘ us in…there‘s gotta be an easier way…!” grunted Raph.

“Oh, you *shall* perish. But not yet,” explained Utrom Shredder. “You see, like you, I recently learned that ours is but a single universe in a Multiverse of universes.”

He turned to face the dimensional portal, humming with power.

“Intrigued, I used this very portal to survey them all. Which is when I made a startling, horrible discovery! There aren‘t simply eight of you… but… but…” Utrom Shredder glowered, distraught, crazed, and BOILING with rage. “…***SCORES*** of you! **BEHOLD!** A *MULTIVERSE* OF ACCURSED TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES!!”

He pressed a button, and the portal projected a holographic collage of images from all over the Ninja Turtles multiverse!

Two were in live-action, another had them in CGI [Mikey had freckles], another had them with mystic weapons, and there was even one where they had a sister! One universe drawn by Michael Zuilli, another drawn by Brian Thomas, a third drawn by Stan Sakai, one drawn by Jim Lawson, a few in anime style, and at least five drawn by Michael Dooney; in fact, there were even some adventures rendered as videogames…not to mention, one where they teamed up with Batman!

“Cool car…” grunted Raphael.

“…lame costume…” grunted Raph.

“Did…we…just…agree…on something…?” Raphael managed to ask.

“No time…like…the present…” wheezed Raph.

Hun practically gagged. “It’s enough to make one sick to their stomach,” he remarked at the display.

“Positively revolting,” Utrom Shredder agreed. “Destroying the eight of you would accomplish nothing! Whether they interfere or aid in the plans of the Shredder, the very *concept* of Ninja Turtles existing sickens me to my stomach. And so it will continue—unless I put an end to Turtles…FOREVER!”

“And what’s…*your* reason for throwing your lot in…Hun?” grunted Leo.

The massive mutant growled. "Without all of you, the Purple Dragons and The Foot would reign supreme,” he explained. “Every last part of the Big Apple will be under our control. And if anyone even *considers* starting a resistance, they will FALL! At last…the sweet smell of victory is in the air, freaks. Can’t you just taste it?"

“Even a creature as power-mad as you cannot believe he has the ability to subvert the entire Multiverse!” Splinter exclaimed, defiant.

“Let us put *that* to a test, ***Vermin***,” hissed Utrom Shredder, as a diagram appeared before him. “It seems that, like branches hanging off a single tree, each of these universes sprang from a common source!” he swatted at the holographic globe before him, destroying the others as well. “Destroy the source, and you would set off a chain reaction that would destroy Ninja Turtles everywhere – forevermore!”

Splinter gasped in horror, as the chamber was spinning faster now.

“And so, you are being scanned, broken down, for the sole purpose of discovering your source DNA!” Utrom Shredder continued as the chamber spun faster, with the Turtles’ bodies beginning to flicker and pulsate. “Two turtle teams from two turtle worlds. Different in so many ways, but deep down…there are similarities. And those similarities shall point the path to the source dimension—Turtle Prime!!”

As the spinning continued, the Turtles cried out in agony. The pain was getting worse, and showed no sign of getting better.

“I only regret you won‘t survive to witness the end of your ki—” Utrom Shredder began before the com-terminal beeped. Turning towards it, he saw the face of Karai on screen, standing in front of Dr. Chaplin.

“*Father, we are receiving alarming and unstable energy readings,*” said Karai. “*What is going—*”

But Utrom Shredder disconnected her signal. “Now, where was I?” he mused. “Ah, yes…farewell, Turtles!”

As if pulled from the very fiber of their beings, streams of incandescent green particles started to rise from each of the turtles, slowly at first, but then more rapidly…

“Dudes…” groaned Michelangelo. “…it’s Lord Dregg all over again!”

[***Things like this never happened back home, my black ass! Dregg planned to drain their life forces, Shredder was gonna turn them into ordinary turtles, then cook and eat them…***]

Suddenly, the Trans-Dimensional Portal console came alive, beeping and flashing like it was receiving a transmission.

TURTLE PRIME LOCATED, intoned the computer.

“It WORKS!” boomed Utrom Shredder. “The Trans-Dimensional Portal is receiving the coordinates now!”

From their vantage point, Karai and Dr. Chaplin were watching things play out…and in that moment, they made their decision.

Back in the chamber, the walls spun, faster and faster…but when they finally stopped…all eight turtles were gone.

Splinter’s eyes widened. “NO!” he gasped in shock.

Utrom Shredder smiled underneath his mask. “Their demise is only the beginning!” he declared, as he pressed a button at the center of the chamber.

Outside, the Technodrome glowed with interdimensional energy, before it vanished in a flash!

The only thing left was a smoking crater where it once perched.

The Turtles couldn’t *really* be gone…

…*could they*?

NEXT CHAPTER: Seems like a Mirage!

Chapter 9:

Seems Like a Mirage

Shortly after the Technodrome vanished, the Footbots immediately stopped moving and stood stiff. One of the soldiers came back and poked one of the robots, making it topple over.

Seeing that the robots were no longer a threat, April and Casey ran over to the crater, seeing the Turtle Van parked nearby, with the alternate April inside.

"That giant, armored bowling ball just…*imploded*!" exclaimed Casey.

"It's called the Technodrome," explained 87-April.

"Thanks…uh…" began April.

"April O'Neil," the Earth-87 April greeted. "Ace reporter for Channel 6."

April blinked in surprise. "Uh…April O'Neil," she replied. "Former scientist, current antique-shop owner."

87-April looked over her counterpart. "Nice jumpsuit," she complimented. "Very Bruce Lee."

"As interestin' as dis is, let's focus on the fact that our Turtles are missin'!" Casey exclaimed. "They went in there…but they didn't come out!"

Suddenly, there was a crackling of energy from overhead, getting everyone's attention. As both Aprils and Casey looked overhead, they saw all eight turtles materialize in the air.

"***GANGWA-A-A-A-Y!!***" they screamed as they all plummeted to the ground, landing on top of Casey.

CRASH!!

There they lay, a tangled heap of arms and legs. Shaken up, wobbly beyond compare…but thankfully, alive.

"Guys!" exclaimed both Aprils as they ran over to their Turtles. "You're alive!"

“Uh, dudes?” Michelangelo asked as he got to his feet with the others. “What happened?”

“Yeah,” agreed Mikey. “Shouldn’t we be, like, non-existent right now?”

“Mikey!” ‘03-April exclaimed as she hugged the orange-banded turtle…before she looked left and saw his counterpart being hugged by her counterpart. “…and Mikey?”

“Did I bump my head, or am I really seein’ double?” asked Casey, as he joined them nearby.

“Casey, April…” smiled Don. “Meet our dimensional duplicates.”

“So…you’re *this* world’s Casey Jones?” asked Raphael. “Funny, you don’t LOOK like a short-fuse lunatic…”

This, of course, was cut off by Raph, who pushed between them. “We ain’t got time for no meet-and-greet!” he spat.

“As harsh as he is, Raph‘s right,” explained Leo. “The Shredder‘s back! And he‘s on his way to destroy the source of all Ninja Turtle life.”

“What?” asked April.

“Come again…?” inquired Casey.

“Long story short, if we don‘t stop him, it‘ll spell the end of Ninja Turtles everywhere…forever,” responded Leonardo, as Casey wheeled his motorcycle into the back, where Irma was waiting.

As the Turtle Van sped off, Hun was once again watching from nearby. He adjusted his badge, and once again vanished.

In the Turtle Van, the situation was being…more-or-less disclosed.

“So… I still don‘t get it,” replied Casey. “‘Zactly *which* Shredder is back? Doin‘ what? To whom?”

“The one who blew up April’s store,” clarified Mikey. “He’s gonna destroy the universe! What part are you not getting? Keep up!”

“What I want to know is, how did we survive the Shredder‘s centrifugal scanning process?” Don questioned, looking troubled. “We should have been broken down into non-existence! Something didn‘t go according to his plan...”

“Then he won‘t be expecting us to go after him,” replied Leo. “We need to head to the source dimension - to what the Shredder called...TURTLE PRIME!”

“But Leo, you saw Shredder‘s slideshow,” Mikey exclaimed. “The Turtle-Verse is like...GINORMOUS!”

“We‘ve got no way of knowing which dimension Turtle Prime is,” said Don. “We‘d just be guessing!”

Everyone’s faces fell at that statement.

...and then Donatello perked up. “Or...we could *track* your Shredder’s exact movements instead!” he posited. “See, I discovered a while back that when the Technodrome phases through trans-dimensional barriers, it leaves a trail of particle emissions that, with the right equipment, we can recalibrate the Portal Rod to track!”

And just as hope was beginning to rise once more...

SCREEEEE—THUMP!

...the Turtle Van came to a sudden halt, flinging the passengers around like jumbled luggage!

“What the shell, Raph?!” exclaimed Mikey.

Raph gripped the steering wheel in horror. “End of the road, bros—LITERALLY!” he exclaimed, pointing outside. As everyone looked outside, they saw that things were starting to vanish. Not only the road...but cars, fire hydrants, people, and buildings! First their color was stripped away, reducing them to ink and outlines...then the blacks were removed, leaving only sketch lines...and then, nothing!

“BACK IN THE VAN!” called Leonardo, and nobody hesitated then, as Michelangelo started it up and got driving.

“What’s goin’ on?” asked Casey. “S‘like the whole world‘s being...ERASED!”

“It‘s the Shredder! Has to be!” replied Leo. “He‘s reached Turtle Prime!”

“Then we better recalibrate your...stick!” said ‘03 April. “You said you needed some tech..?”

“All our gear was destroyed along with our lair,” Don responded. “But I think I know a place that just might have the tech we need...”

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

“Purple Dragon Headquarters,” commented Donatello as they searched the building. “From one Donatello to another, that’s a *brilliant* notion!”

The groups proceeded to rummage through the darkened lab with flashlights. All around them were crates overstuffed with high-tech loot.

“I figured the Purple Dragons would still have the goods from that robbery they pulled back in the prologue,” Don explained as he filled his bag.

“Yeah, wit‘out Hun, the Dragons ain‘t too swift,” replied Raph. “Of course, gettin’ turned into mutant freaks ain’t exactly done wonders for them.”

As Raphael looked around the room, his flashlight beam landed on the jar-trapped form of the mutant fly from Chapter 1. “Fellas? We better step on it...” he gulped. “This place is starting to *bug* me!”

As he moved his beam to the right, it landed on...a mutant turtle plastron.

“Yes...mutation’s a real...” growled Hun. “...***horror show.”***

Suddenly, Raphael went flying against the wall, and everyone turned to where he’d come from. Emerging from the shadows were Hun, and at least seven mutated Purple Dragons. A lemur, a skunk, an armadillo, a lizard, an alley cat, a fox, a baboon, and an aardvark.

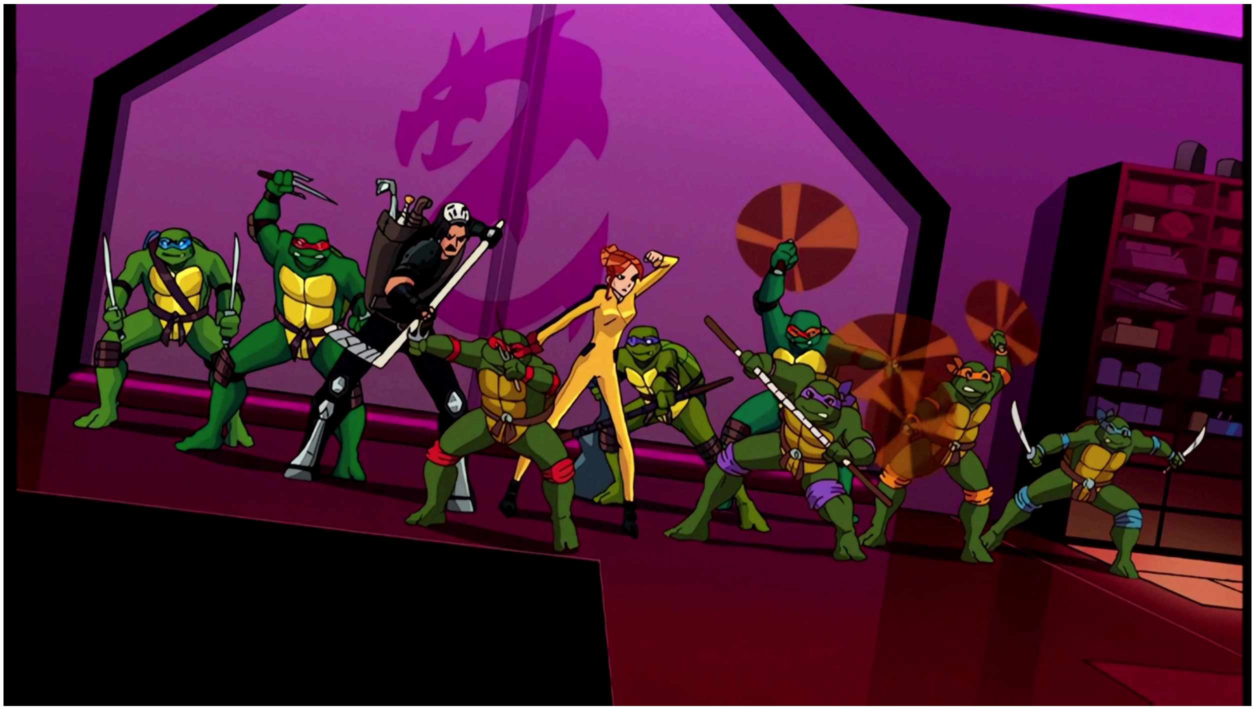
“I don’t know HOW you escaped the Shredder,” growled Hun. “And I couldn’t care less. It just means I get to kill you all over again!”

“Hun?” remarked Raph.

April and Casey looked at him, bewildered. “...***HUN?!***” they exclaimed.

“Hun,” Leo declared, drawing forth his swords. Everyone followed suit by pulling out their own weapons, and ‘87-April switched her film out on the camera, then set it on a tripod, and grabbed her secondary camera...you know, the one that had a gun in it.

[***I shit you not, this was a feature on her original toy. Promise!***]



“Do you know the thing I hate most in all the world?” growled Hun. “***TURTLES!***”

And with a roar, he led the mutated Purple Dragons into battle. Naturally, the Turtles, Casey, and Aprils jumped aside to avoid Hun’s charge.

“Now, I look in the mirror, all I see is YOU!” he bellowed, charging to backhand the ‘87-Turtles away. “The thing I hate most in the world! And I hate you ***EVEN MORE!***”

Nearby, Raph dodged some laser shots, then jumped up and kicked one of the gunners in the face, before giving another a spin-kick. He then side-flipped another mutated Dragon, before he got caught by his shoulders. Raphael jumped on the punk’s back, and snapped his goggles, making him cry out in agony as he released Raph, only to get blasted away by laser fire.

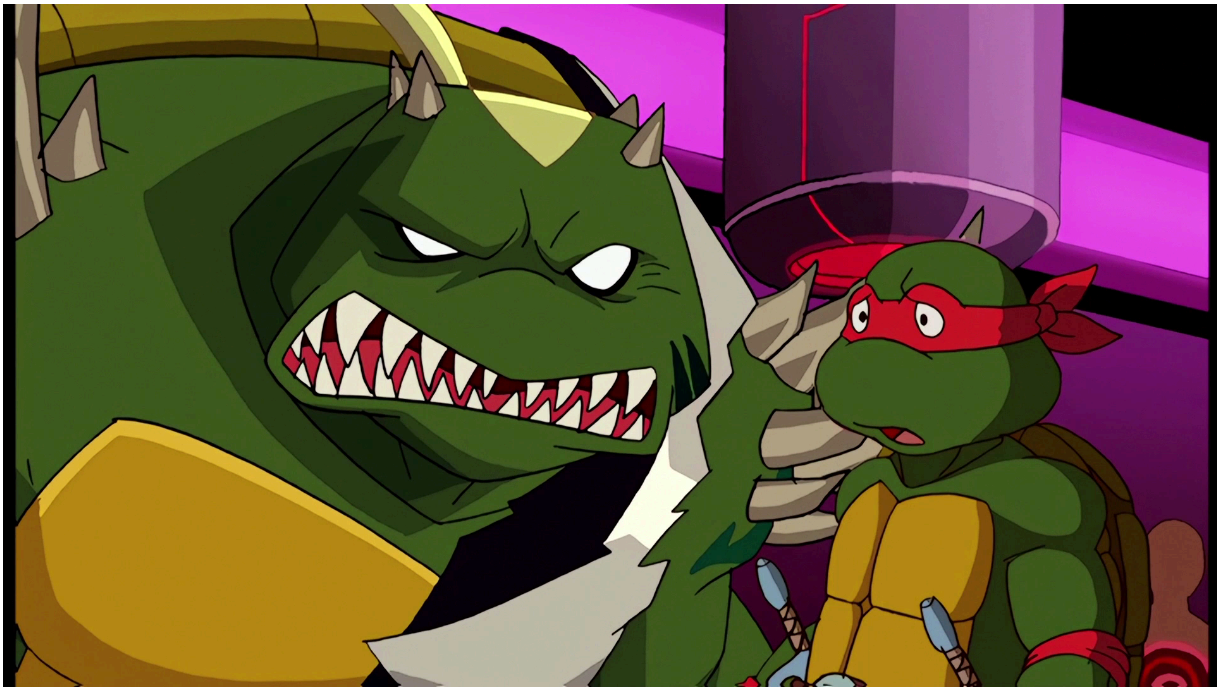
Meanwhile, Leonardo and Mikey stood back-to-back, before they each kicked two of the punks who were trying to attack them. Then, Mikey hoisted Leonardo up by his feet, and helped him flip over Scales, while he was kicked back and tripped up by the duo.

“Hun, you don‘t understand!” Don exclaimed as he ran over. “The Shredder! He—”

WHAM!

“FORGET the Shredder!” growled Hun. “You‘re going to pay for what you‘ve done to me! EVERY! *LAST*! ***WRETCHED***! ***THING***!!”

Raphael shrugged. “Some people just can’t handle change,” he said to the reader, prompting Hun to turn and look in your direction.



But this time, he was *really* mad.

“*Why* do you keep doing that?” he snapped as he hoisted Raphael into the air. “***WHO*** are you talking to?! ***THERE’S NO-ONE THERE!!!***”

Behind him, one of the mutants was flung across the screen, and smacked into a wall. As he tried to get up, his color drained away to an ink outline…then blue pencil…and then, he was gone!

Raph leapt onto Hun‘s back, then grappled him and twisted him around. “You idiot! There ain‘t gonna be anybody anywhere soon!” he shouted. “LOOK!”

As Hun was spun around, he saw that his goons were no longer fighting, because one by one, they were vanishing!

“Boss!” exclaimed Scales as he began to vanish. “What’s happening to u—?!”

And then, he was gone. Startled, Hun looked back towards the Turtles, as if wondering, *what the hell is going on*?

“It‘s the Shredder!” exclaimed Mikey, while April grabbed the camera. “Whatever he‘s doing to get rid of us Turtles - it‘s wiping out everything!”

Panic began overriding Hun’s mania for conquest; he dropped Raphael and saw that not only were his goons vanishing, but the monitors, the consoles, the gear…every one of them was vanishing into the ether!

“The whole world is going adios, dude!” Michelangelo replied. “Pretty soon, you‘ll be going too!”

“…no…” Hun blinked, mortified.

So Don made one final plea. “We need your gear to track him, Hun,” he explained. “To *stop* him.”

And in that moment, the choice became clear. As the color started to drain from his body, Hun frantically passed the bag to Don.

“Hurry!! Take it!” he begged. “Stop the Shredder before he—***AAAAAAAGH!***”

And just like that, he was gone.

“…you heard the man,” Leo told the others. “Let’s go stop the Shredder.”

Moments later, the group headed outside, only for the Turtle Van to be engulfed by the wave.

“Guys! You’ve got to hurry!” called Irma, as she narrowly avoided being erased. “Whatever that other Shredder is doing, it’s already consuming everything!”

So, the Turtles headed for the rooftops, humans in tow, sprinting for their lives from the encroachment of total nonexistence.

“Hurry! We need to get back where we started,” Don explained. “The exact spot the Technodrome left our dimension!”

“Big, smoking crater?” commented Raphael. “Hard to miss!”

“If it‘s still around when we get there!” Michelangelo replied.

As ‘87-April, Casey, and ‘03-April ran, the erasing wave caught up to ‘03-April, and she began to gradually vanish.

“Oh, no…no, no, no…” she exclaimed. “Casey! It’s happening to—”

And she disappeared.

“APRIL!!” screamed Casey, anguished. “Guys! April! I—” And he was gone, too!

‘87-April nearly dropped the camera in abject horror, but Michelangelo picked her up.

“CASEY!!” Raph howled, as Leo pulled him away. “No! Leo…!!”

“Raph! We‘ll grieve later,” said his older brother. “We may even find a way to reverse all this. But none of that can happen if we don‘t stop the Shredder!”

With a heavy heart, Leo led the others off the rooftop and back towards the crater. Once they got there, Donatello set up the Portal Rod as Don pulled the tech from the bag, and both Donatellos got to work on rewiring, scanning, and tweaking the stick. Their brothers, and the girls, crowded around them as the remnants of Manhattan were disappearing around them.

“Just have to reroute the Dimensional Phase Converter…” grunted Don as he was wrenching at the rod.

“And program the beebleflux-capacitating zossifyer…” murmured Donatello as he was re-looping a piece of wire.

All around them, the last remaining buildings vanished. As April looked around, she began growing more and more nervous.

“…if this is to be my final news broadcast, let me say to all of you in New York, this is April O’Neil, telling you it’s been a pleasure serving my city,” she declared.

Michelangelo gulped. “…you think there’s pizzerias on the other side…bro?” he asked.

Raphael put a hand on his shoulder. “Plenty, Michelangelo…and they’re all open 24/7,” he replied. Sure, it might not have been true—but the least he could do was comfort his little brother in what could be their last moments.

“Boost the particle signal gain…and power up!” Don exclaimed as he hit the switch. The Portal Rod warmed up…but then sputtered out. “But…”

“But?!” everyone exclaimed. “***BUT?!***”

“It‘s not working!” replied Don. By now, all that was left was the ground beneath them…and that was fading fast!

“Remember what I said,” explained Donatello as he gestured to the wrench in Don’s hand. “It just takes some ingenuity…”

Don looked at the wrench, spun it, and gave the Trans-Dimensional Portal Rod a good, solid ***WHACK***! Right in the side. And then, it fired up.

“…and a little guesswork doesn’t hurt, either,” he finished the sentence. “Gotta love science.”

Suddenly, they were gone, just as Earth-’03 was completely erased!

SOMEWHERE, BETWEEN DIMENSIONS…

All the Turtles, plus one news reporter and her assistant, were rocketing through the multiverse, as both Dons hung onto the Portal Rod.

As they did, they passed by multiple realities, like the ones they’d seen in Shredder’s display.

“So this is the multiverse…” Leonardo commented.

“It *is* impressive…” responded Leo. “But if we don’t stop Shredder, it’ll all be gone.”

There were a few universes they passed by which *hadn’t* been shown in the display before.

In one, they looked like amusement-park mascots who were promoting Los Angeles transit systems.

Los Angeles

And in another universe, they looked like deranged animatronics and were out in the middle of the city, doing a bunch of public videos with random children, then singing about Christmastime while looking for a present for Splinter.

"…then again, would it *really* be so bad if some universes got erased?" asked Raphael.

"I hear *that*," Raph agreed.

Finally, they all exited the warp through a dimensional window, landing in the street in a heap, tangled and dizzied.

Don got to his feet and checked his scan. "Particle emissions end here…" he grunted.

"…so this must be the place…" noted Donatello, a bit unsure.

"Turtle Prime?!" Leo remarked, his eyes wide.

All around them, everything looked grim, gritty, colored in black and white, not to mention, rendered in the classic two-tone Graphix Duo-Shade effects of comic books past. This world was menacing, dirty, with a 'take-no-prisoners' vibe…and from the looks of it, our multicolored heroes just didn't fit in.

Raph cocked a brow. "Ain't exactly *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood*, is it?" he asked.

This is it, folks…Earth-'84.

The one that started it all.

UP NEXT: Mean, Green and On the Scene!

Chapter 10:

Blast from the Past

The Place? Earth-’84
site of the very first issue of
Eastman and Laird’s
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles

The time? 8:30 PM.

While everyone was looking around, bewildered and confused, Raph didn’t seem to mind his new surroundings. In fact, I’d say he looked almost happy.

From every side, if one listened hard enough, they could hear the sounds of screeching car alarms, pistol shots, and wailing police sirens. In short? Total urban chaos.

“What kind of messed-up world IS this?” asked Raphael.

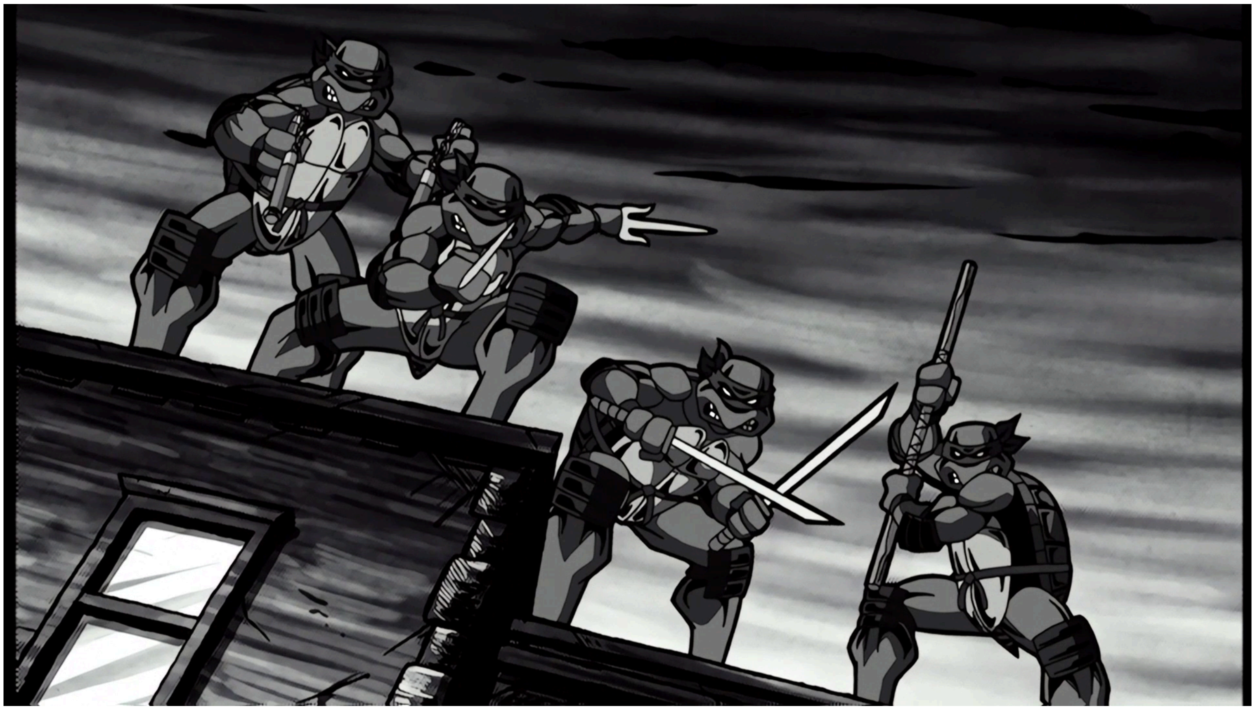
“Grim…gritty…” mused Raph. “My kinda place. I’m thinkin’ of retirin’ here.”

The Earth-’87 Turtles rolled their eyes. “Figures…”

Luckily, Leo was there to move things along. “We‘ll all be retiring here permanently, if we don‘t find Shredder and stop him!” he reminded his battle-loving brother.

“Uh, Leo?” Mikey pointed to the rooftop. “I think someone just found *us*!”

He and the rest of the turtles looked skyward at the rooftop nearby, to see four particularly menacing-looking mutant turtles, each brandishing their weapons, ready to pounce.



“Source dimension…” gulped Don. “Source *turtles!*”

Lightning crackled across the sky, revealing them in full, and the grimaces they wore upon their faces. That’s right—these were the ORIGINAL Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!

“So…these guys are like our ancestors?” Michelangelo asked.

“Seems to be the case!” Leonardo responded. “April, Irma, get somewhere safe.”

“Like you have to tell *us*!” Irma replied as she pulled April away from what would surely be a ferocious battle.

“What is *this*—eight wannabes?” questioned Prime Leo.

“On *our* turf?” commented Prime Don.

“Tryin’ ta steal OUR act?” remarked Prime Mike.

Prime Raph just growled like a rottweiler.

And as the lightning flashed again, they sprang from the rooftops.

“*I strike two on my way down—*” Prime Leo narrated as he K.O.’d Raph and Don. “*Donatello takes out a third with his staff…*”

THWAK! Mikey got hit in the back with Prime Don's staff, ***KRAK!*** and then smacked into some stairs.

Immediately, the Earth-'87 Turtles drew out their weapons as Prime Raph landed before them, brandishing his sai.

"*The smaller ones shouldn't be much of a challenge…*" mused Prime Leo. "*After all, Raph loves this stuff.*"

"Attack!" called Leonardo, leading the charge, as all four Turtles sprinted towards Prime Raph.

Donatello twirled his staff and swung it at Prime Raph, only for him to dodge by leaning back.

Michelangelo was the next one to strike, swinging downwards with his nunchucks, but the hot-headed terrapin blocked them with his Sai and countered with a back kick right to the other turtle's plastron, which sent him flying into some trash cans.

"Ohhhh…" groaned Michelangelo. "…shell shock…"

Leonardo and Raphael come in from the left and right sides respectively in an attempt to blindside Prime Raph, but he leapt into the air and split-kicked both of them in the face.

"Hope you didn't forget about ME!" Donatello called as he rapidly swung his staff at Prime Raph, who used his sai to block the weapon from making contact. "…this was not very well thought-out, was it?" he asked.

"Nope," Prime Raph shrugged, before he slid under Donatello's legs and delivered a two-touch back kick to his shell, sending him flying a few feet.

By now, all four of the Earth-'87 Turtles were starting to look a bit different than how they did earlier on.

"*Then again, I guess he's not the only one,*" Prime Leo smirked as he watched the fight play out.

Out of the nearby trash cans, Don pulled himself up. "Why is he narrating? Is he crazy?" he asked.

“HARDCORE crazy!” replied Mikey.

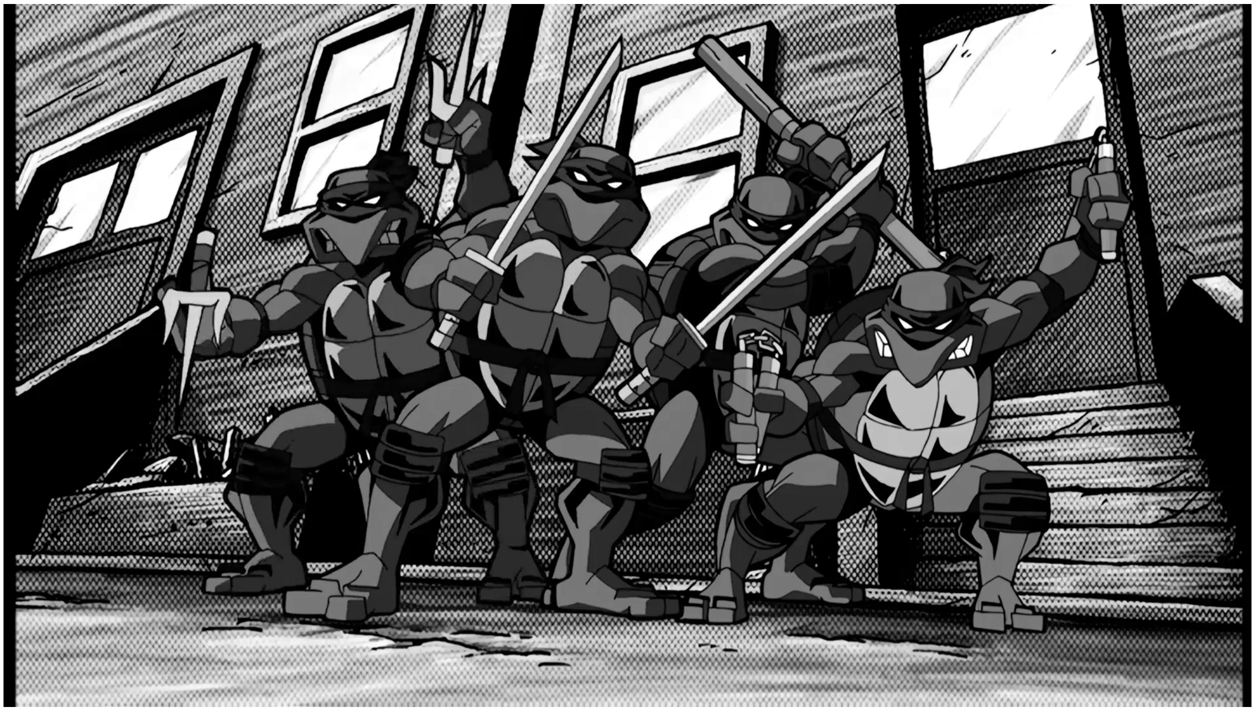
Raph, however, couldn’t be more pleased. “I LOVE these guys!” he cheered, right before Prime Mike came down with his nunchucks, smacking them to the ground again.

“Stop! We‘re trying to save you from—” Leo began, but Prime Leo sweep-kicked him to the floor, and was about to bring his katanas down. “...the Shredder!!”

In an instant, Prime Leo brought his blades to a halt, inches from Leo’s skull.

“...the SHREDDER?!” he queried.

Within seconds, the Turtles immediately regrouped. **(Use page 1, panel 1 for background and ninja poses, with ‘03 and ‘87 Turtle shadows replacing those of the Purple Dragons.)**



“What do you know of the Shredder?” inquired Prime Leo.

“We‘ve sworn to terminate the Shredder to avenge Master Yoshi!” declared Prime Don.

“Terminate—with extreme prejudice,” stated Prime Mike.

“And—extra relish,” growled Prime Raph.

“It‘s not *your* Shredder you need to worry about…well, not right now. It‘s complicated,” explained Leo. “It‘s *our* Shredder. He‘s come here to tear down your world!”

The Prime Turtles all looked at him, a bit befuddled.

“Er… it‘s a long story…” Leo tried to explain. “But it all started when our *brothers* here from another dimension accidentally arrived in our dimension, along with their Shredder and…”

AN HOUR LATER…

April had stopped recording, and she and Irma had dozed off.

“…to destroy the source of all Ninja Turtle life,” Leo finished. “So if he destroys Turtle Prime, he‘ll end up wiping out all life everywhere!”

“So you‘re supposed to be *us*…from other worlds?” asked Prime Mike. “…I don‘t see it.”

“What‘s with the multi-colored headbands?” inquired Prime Don.

“Sellouts,” sniffed Prime Raph.

Raphael and Mikey looked at each other.

“‘Sellout’…what does that even MEAN?” asked Mikey.

Raphael shrugged. “Probably one of those zippy catchphrases people toss off without actually knowing what they’re saying,” he replied.

Trying to deflect, Raph picked up Leonardo by the back of his shell. “Well…check out the initialized belt buckles on these yahoos!” he pointed out.

“Hey!” remarked Donatello, Raphael and Michelangelo protested.

“How *lame* can a turtle get, amirite?” asked Raph, going in for a high-5.

Instead, Prime Raph just grabbed his arm, bent it behind him, and shoved him back over to the other Turtles. “If there’s one thing I hate…” he hissed. “…it’s a brown-noser.”

Raph rubbed his sore shoulder. “Sheesh…what a hardcase!” he remarked, before he looked back at the Earth-87 Turtles. “….hey, is it just me, or do you guys look kinda…*different*?”

The Earth-’87 Turtles glanced at themselves, and saw that they had somewhat of a sharper look to them, with their heads being more angular and less rounded, and their bandanna eyeholes looking more eye-shaped.

[**That’s right—the Red Sky designs are here!**]

“Perhaps it’s a result of prolonged exposure to this reality?” asked Donatello. “We haven’t looked this way in a *while*.”

“Yeah, not since we trashed Dregg!” Michelangelo exclaimed.

“All right, let‘s go stop your Shredder,” responded Prime Leo. “You say he‘s using a… Techno-drome?”

“Yup!” replied Donatello, as he presented the Portal Rod. “But don‘t worry, we‘ve created a sophisticated device to track down the Technodrome—”

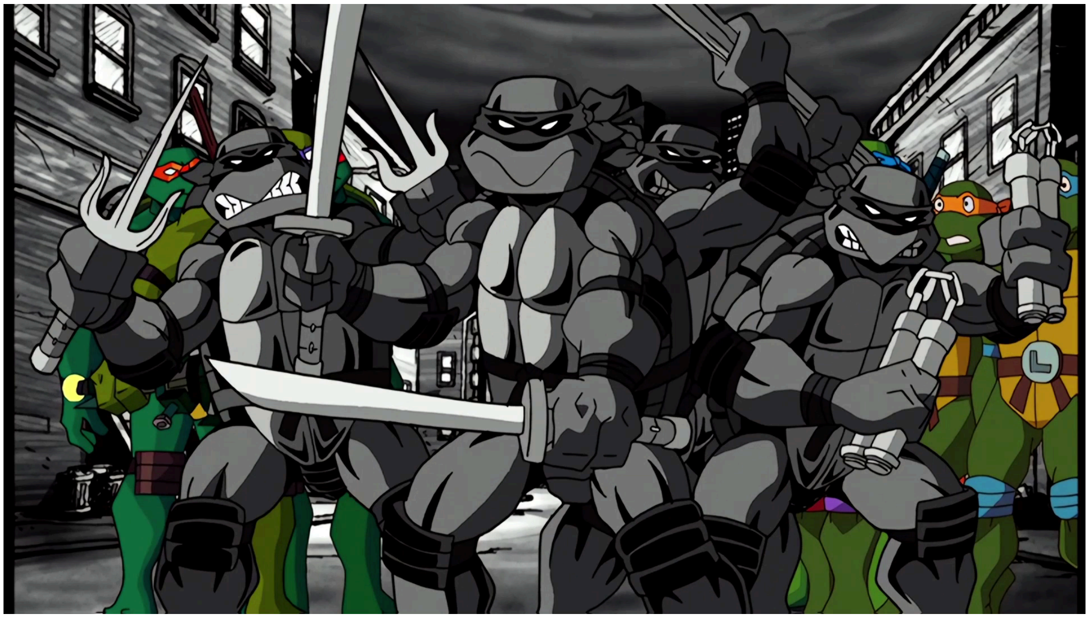
Prime Leo pointed overhead. “…is *that* it?” he asked, making everyone turn around.

Behind them in the distance was the steadily approaching Technodrome; it was sending out spasms of crackling energy out of its arched eye and up into the sky, tearing through the fabric of this dimension, creating the heart of a spinning vortex high above the city.

“Yep…” Don swallowed heavily. “…that would be it.”

Prime Leo stepped to the forefront. “Let’s go *do* something about it, then,” he replied.

And together, they headed towards the fearsome fortress.



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ABOARD THE TECHNODROME…

As ‘87 Splinter made his way through the mobile battle fortress, he could overhear his universe’s Shredder angrily ranting about something or other.

Of course, he decided the best course of action for now was to stay hidden until the time was right to strike.

“You traitors!” bellowed ‘87 Shredder. “Morons! Incompetents! Brainless bungling good-for-nothings!”

“Awww, we said we wuz sorry, boss,” insisted Rocksteady.

“C‘mon. No hard feelings?” asked Bebop. “Our new mastah finds us—***SNORT!***—amusin‘, is all!”

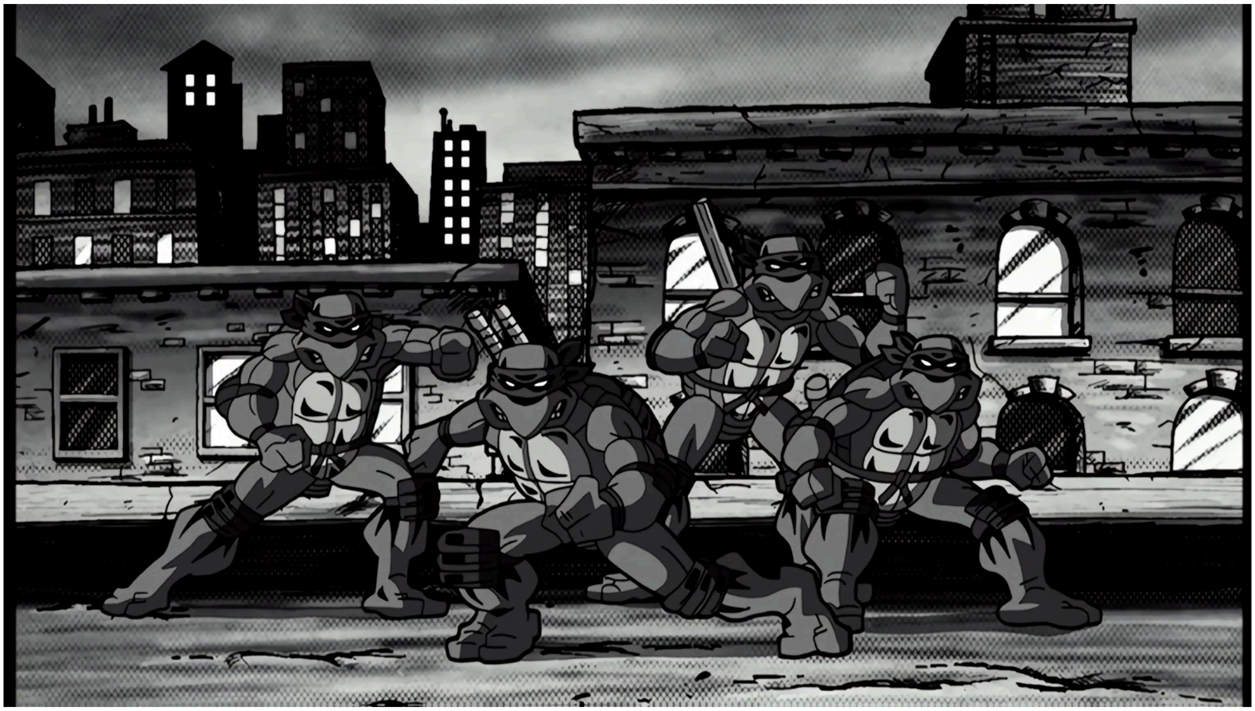
“Then may *he* also find them as useful as we always have,” snorted Krang.

Utrom Shredder gazed upon the destruction he was wreaking, decimating the Mirage Universe. “Behold, the glorious destruction of a universe!” he declared, cackling wickedly.

Nearby, Karai watched, silently mortified. All her life, she had stayed on the path of being the loyal daughter, diligently obeying her father’s orders, and dispatching the Turtles to handle things whenever his actions tended to cross a line so she wouldn’t have to grapple with the idea of having to actually speak out against her father.

But this time, it was clear that there may very well not be any other way out of the situation.

As the Utrom Shredder continued his little spree of chaos, the Prime Turtles got onto a nearby rooftop.



“SHREDDER!!” bellowed Prime Leo. “***WE ARE HERE!!***”

Waving his hand over the monitor, Utrom Shredder zoomed in to see the original fearsome foursome staring him down.

“SHREDDER—FACE US!!” called Prime Don.

“Ah, the prototypical turtles,” Utrom Shredder sneered. “Now, with the flick of a switch…it ends.”

As he was reaching for the switch, he heard something that made him completely change his tune.

“***SHREDDER!!***” called Prime Raph. “Do you ***FEAR*** US?!”

His hand stopped. It quivered and trembled. It would be *so easy* to just flick the switch, and vaporize them within a microsecond.

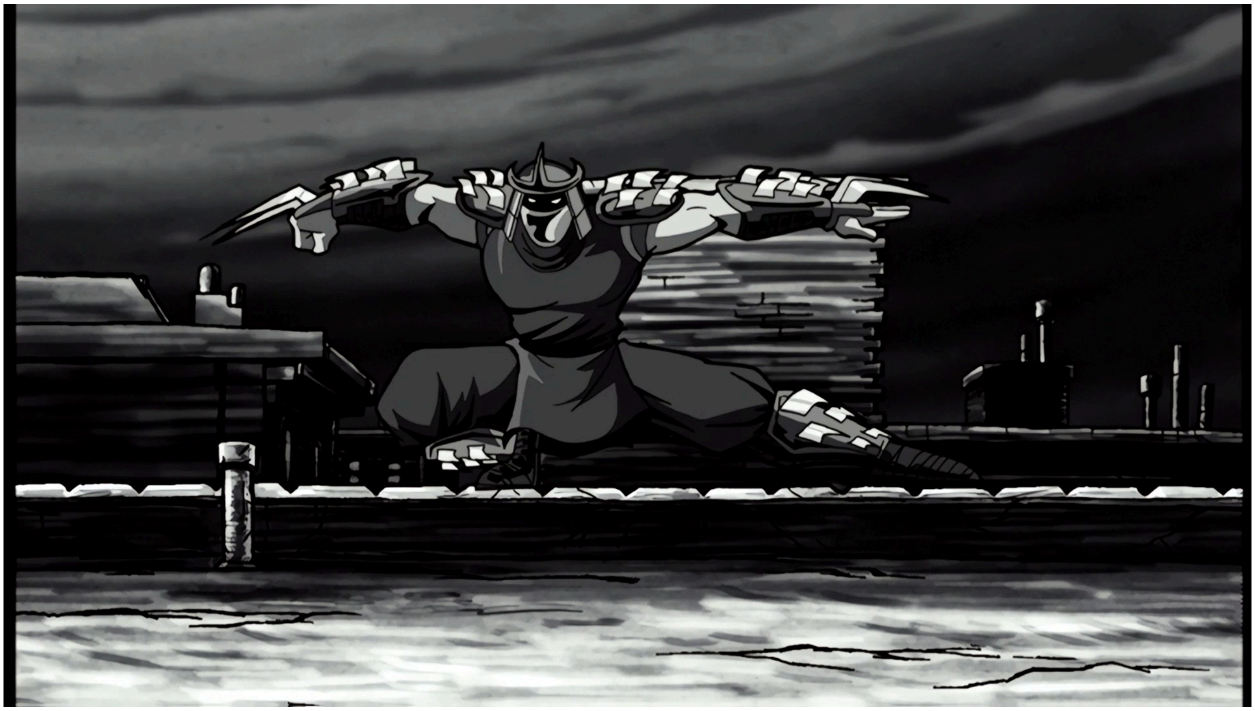
So easy…

Easy…

…

…and *boring*.

Before anything else could be said, someone came leaping across the rooftops. The Prime Turtles turned, and saw, standing on the roof's edge—the Prime Shredder!



"I am here!" he declared, sinisterly. "Come and face your—"

Suddenly, he was pelted by an assault of sticks, shurikens, bricks, bottles, and other such refuse, one piece of which, struck his belt and activated the thermite grenade he had on his person. As he went tumbling off the roof, it went off, and blew up, taking him with it.

Turning around, the Prime Turtles saw that their counterparts were the ones who were responsible. Prime Leo signaled the others back, and they hid again.

"Shredder!!" called Prime Leo, as thunder rumbled and lightning flashed.

"You speak my name… but you do not know me…" growled Utrom Shredder as he arrived on the edge of the Technodrome. "I am Ch'rell, Oroku Saki—the one true Shredder. I am a destroyer of worlds! And I…fear…NO ONE!"

The Prime Turtles stood firm, for a bit, then Prime Leo looked to the left. “Told you he‘d take the bait,” he commented.

“If there‘s *one* constant in the Multiverse—” Leo began as he and his brothers all sprang from their hiding places and joined their predecessors on the roof. “...it’s the Shredder’s big, fat ego!”

“Plus, running his big, fat mouth!” Raphael chimed in.

Utrom Shredder did a double-take. “Still alive?! How can this be?!” he exclaimed, before turning back towards the Technodrome. “Unless...”

Standing before him was Karai, on the rim of the Technodrome.

“KARAI!” bellowed Utrom Shredder. “***YOU?!***”

“Yes, Father!” declared the kunoichi. “Dr. Chaplin and I used the matter transporter to rescue the turtles from your scanner! And that‘s not all!”

Joining her were ‘03 Splinter, ‘87 Shredder, and Krang.

“Today, my sons will not fight alone!” declared ‘03 Splinter, as they all jumped onto the roof.

“Desperate times call for desperate measures!” exclaimed ‘87 Shredder. “Besides, even if I hate the Turtles, I still want to conquer the world, not destroy it!”

MEANWHILE, BACK INSIDE THE TECHNODROME...

Bebop and Rocksteady had been shackled in energy cuffs and had to watch the whole thing play out.

“Ohhh...we are *so* gonna get yelled at for dis...” whimpered Bebop.

“That’s *so* not fair...!” sobbed Rocksteady.

Dr. Chaplin continued to monitor the events. “Cry if you want, I’m not letting you down from there,” he said. “Karai’s orders.”

BACK ON THE ROOFTOP...

“Your unreasoning hatred of the Turtles has blinded you to the truth, Father,” said Karai as the groups all circled the Utrom Shredder. “Please listen! Your actions could destroy us all!”

“Karai‘s right,” Don explained. “Your actions here have already wiped out our entire world!”

“Fool! I care ***nothing*** for the universe I left behind!” snapped Utrom Shredder. “I will not stop until—”

WHUMPF!

He was sent flying off the roof by an air-kick courtesy of Prime Raph. “Less talk…more action,” he grinned.

At first, the turtle teams all smiled…but then, their joy turned to horror. And why, I hear you asking? Because now, Utrom Shredder was growing to ten times his normal size!

“Yes, let us finish this once and for all,” he declared, looming larger than the building everyone was perched upon. “I came to this dimension to destroy Turtles…”

And still, he was growing.

“…and as the humans are fond of saying—the more, the merrier!” he bellowed, standing at a terrifying 40 feet tall. “NOW COME! COME AND FACE YOUR DOOM!” he cackled, turning his left hand into a serrated blade, and his right into a crackling energy scythe!

From her vantage point far below, ‘87-April gulped. “At this point, I don’t care about the story anymore,” she said. “Right now, I just hope we survive to tell it!”

“That makes two of us…” Irma agreed.

Next Time: A Shredder’s a Shredder, no matter HOW big!

Chapter 11:
The Big Bust-Up

Right where we left off in Chapter 10...

Mega Utrom Shredder attacked, slicing his energy scythe through the building and decimating it, sending everyone flying to the street in a massive cloud of debris. They landed, scattered, devastated, dizzy, but alive, as Utrom Shredder stood over them.

“All too easy,” he cackled. “My new body gives me unlimited power!”

But suddenly, rising from behind was Krang, steadily growing to 40 feet right behind him. “You‘re not the only one with a molecular amplification chip in your bio-suit, ya know!” he boomed in a deepened voice as he changed his right hand to a medieval flail. [*As seen in Season 3’s **The Big Break-In***]

And he swung said mace-hand out on an extending chain, knocking Utrom Shredder four feet backwards, and through four buildings. Rising to his feet, Utrom Shredder changed his serrated blade into a massive, glowing chainsaw!

“I’ll deal with *you*, wretch!” he bellowed as he charged back into the fray. As Utrom Shredder charged, Krang did the same as they both grappled against each other; Utrom Shredder brought his chainsaw hand towards Krang’s face, but Krang used his suit’s laser eyes to knock him backwards again.

“You weren‘t kidding,” noted Prime Leo. “Your Shredder‘s some piece of work.”

“Maybe so...but 12 Ninja Turtles should be able to take him apart!” exclaimed Leo.

Leonardo raised a sword up. “Let‘s give him shell!” he declared.

As Utrom Shredder stood up, he changed his hand into a robotic hand with gatling guns for fingers. “Today is the end of days for you, Turtles...” he snarled. “You, and ALL who stand with you!”

Immediately, he opened fire on them, prompting the group to scatter to avoid being hit.

“Y’know...I never thought *we’d* actually be helping Shredder and Krang!” Donatello commented.

“Believe me, reptile—I’m every bit as surprised!” responded Shredder. “But don’t think anything’s changed! I’m just in this to get even with that pipsqueak for disrespecting me!”

“I didn’t expect anything less!” Raphael responded.

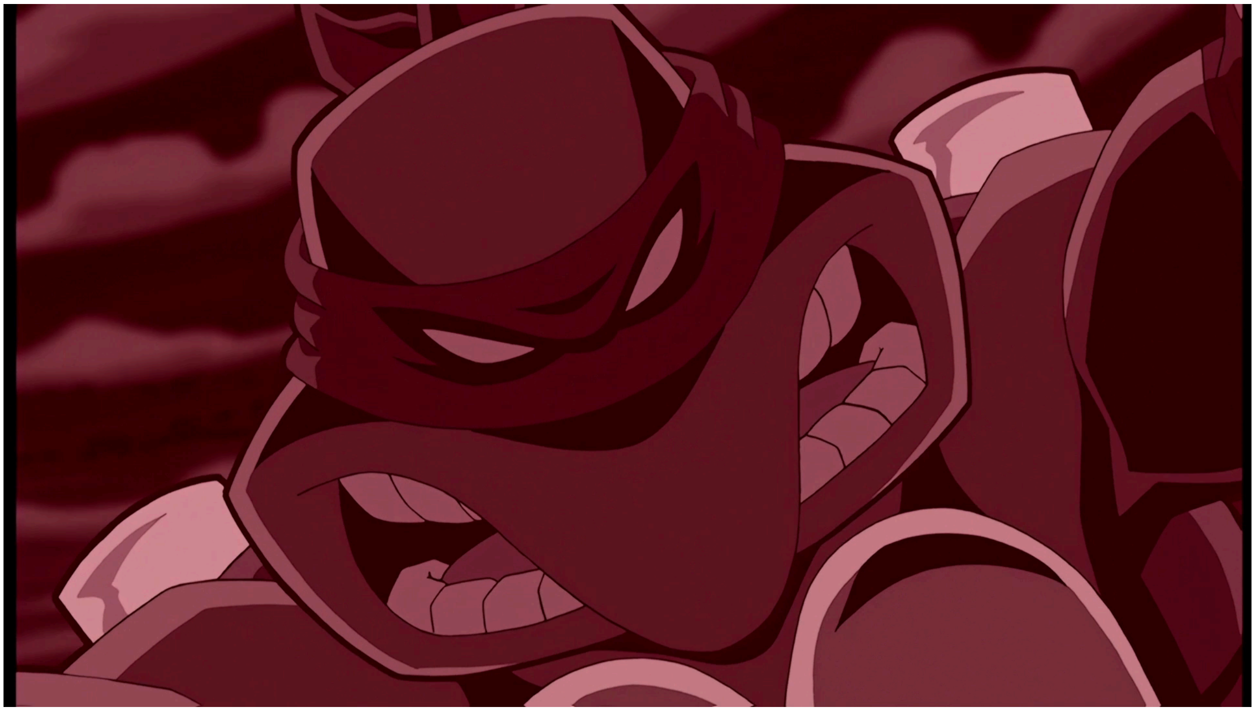
Overhead, Krang launched a mouth missile at Utrom Shredder, which swept him off his feet. He managed to jump off and retaliate seconds later, by turning his right hand into a meat cleaver.

“He‘s mad…but *please* don‘t destroy him!” called Karai.

“Yeah, I think *that* option flew out the window after he decided to WIPE OUT THE STINKIN’ MULTIVERSE!” Raph shot back.

Utrom Shredder charged back into the fray, weapons at the ready, as 2 of the three Leonardos climbed a fire escape, then jumped onto his torso and began slashing with their swords. Then, the Donatellos attacked the left shoulder with staff strikes, followed by the Michelangelos attacking the right shoulder.

As Utrom Shredder looked around, he was suddenly blindsided by all three Raphaels jumping onto his helmet’s eyepieces! Prime Raph even snarled like a mad dog!



“***GYAAAAAAH!***” shrieked Ch’rell as he stumbled back in fright, accidentally pushing a lever forward, which made his suit lurch backwards and topple right onto the Technodrome!

Inside, ‘87 Splinter was jostled around, but he was otherwise alright. *Perhaps I could use some help…*

“You there!” he called to Bebop and Rocksteady, who’d been freed by the jostling. “How would one, if they wanted to, engage the teleportation device?”

“Well, if somebody really wanted to,” replied Bebop. “Dey could just use dat dere console and press dem blue an’ green buttons!”

“Dat is, if dey *wanted* to!” Rocksteady nodded.

“I see…” Splinter noted as he went over to the console. Dr. Chaplin took notice, but he didn’t dare comment on it.

After a few minutes of typing, ‘03 Splinter materialized within the Technodrome. “What? Where am—” he began, before he saw his counterpart. “So…I have been brought to your side to aid in the battle?”

“In a way,” ‘87 Splinter responded. “We both have turtles in need, and Shredders to defeat.”

“For my Master Yoshi—” ‘03 Splinter declared. “And for all worlds…let us begin.”

OUTSIDE…

Utrom Shredder rose to his feet, and accidentally brushed against the beam, which actually dealt some serious damage to his armor, leaving a gaping gash on the side of his torso!

Down on the street, the Turtles took notice. “Looks like we just found something he‘s vulnerable to!” exclaimed Donatello.

“Yeah,” replied Prime Raph as he hopped down. “Turtles!”

Don pointed upwards at the spherical war machine. “The Technodrome!”

“Of course!” commented Prime Don. “Strong enough to destroy our world—strong enough to destroy your Shredder!”

“Better him, than everything else in the Multiverse!” replied ‘87 Shredder. “Even *I* have my limits, y’know!”

At that moment, everyone knew what they had to do.

“***GET HIM INTO THAT BEAM!!***” shouted Leo, and all at once, everyone of them unleashed a furious barrage on the staggering, weakened Utrom Shredder—even Krang got in on the action, elbowing and shoving him back towards the beam!

“The bigger they are…” started Prime Mike.

“…the harder they fall!” finished Mikey.

INSIDE THE TECHNODROME…

Bebop and Rocksteady watched from the view screen.

“WE GOTTA SAVE DA MASTAH!” they exclaimed, before they sprinted towards the exit…but Rocksteady tripped over a plug cord, yanking it loose from the socket.

Dr. Chaplin winced. “…ohhh, that is *not* good,” he remarked.

OUTSIDE…

Just as Shredder was in the path of the beam…it immediately shut off. Things that looked sweet merely moments ago had suddenly turned quite sour, indeed.

As he regained his balance, Utrom Shredder snickered wickedly. “You had your chance!” he exclaimed. “Now—I HAVE MINE!!”

He reached down, and plucked up all four of the Prime Turtles. “Well, would you look at this…a complete set,” he remarked. “Without these turtles, you ***cannot, WILL NOT,*** exist!”

At this point, everyone looked up, and mounting dread made itself clear upon all their faces.

“***GENTLEMEN, BEHOLD!!***” exclaimed Utrom Shredder as he began to squeeze. “***THE EXTINCTION OF THE NINJA TURTLES!!***”

As the Prime Turtles cried out in pain, all around him, the Turtles, Shredder, Karai, Krang, even April and Irma, collapsed to the ground in agony, as though they were all experiencing a simultaneous heart attack.

As Leo looked upon his hand, he could see the color draining away, leaving it as line art.

“Only now, in the end, do you *truly* understand!” Utrom Shredder cackled, before his other hand started to flicker and fade. “What…what is happening to me…?!”

“Father, stop!” begged Karai. “*PLEASE*!”

Utrom Shredder looked down, seeing that Karai was beginning to flicker and fade as well.

“Can you not see?” the kunoichi begged. “Whatever it is you have done to destroy them –you do it to all of us as well! Our fates are linked to theirs!”

Curious, Ch’rell looked over at the Prime Turtles…and loosened his grip. At once, they stopped flickering, but they were still in pain.

“NO!” he bellowed. “This CANNOT be!”

“Father!” pleaded Karai. “I don’t want to lose you again! Destroy them, and you will destroy yourself! I beg of you, stop!”

Ch’rell gazed down at the child he had adopted and raised…and then back at the Prime Turtles in his hand. To think…his very existence was linked to the fates of these…these *freaks*…these *wretched reptiles*…these…***accursed turtles…***

“No! I AM THE SHREDDER!” bellowed Utrom Shredder. “THE *SLAYER* OF NINJA TURTLES! AND IF EXISTING MEANS EXISTING WITH THE ACCURSED TURTLES—”

Karai looked up, mortified. Even reasoning with her father, trying to appeal to his sense of self-preservation, had failed.

“…THEN I CHOOSE NOT TO EXIST AT ALL!!” the evil alien roared, as he started to squeeze with ***BOTH*** hands, hoping to crush the Prime Turtles like walnuts.

By now, everything was starting to flicker and fade—Shredder, Karai, the Technodrome…in fact, the entire WORLD!

As Utrom Shredder cackled like a madman, something—or rather, *four* somethings—came flying and struck him in the ankle. Seconds after they embedded themselves, they blew up, causing him to suddenly drop the Prime Turtles, and take a knee.

Once the Prime Turtles were dropped, everything began to reform slowly.

“Exploding shurikens…” groaned Donatello, holding one up. “…toldja they’d come in handy…”

Once more, Utrom Shredder got to his feet, standing at full bore in front of the Technodrome. “FOOLS!” he bellowed. “Your pathetic little toys are not enough to stop ME!”

MEANWHILE…

Both Splinters plugged the cord back into the socket.

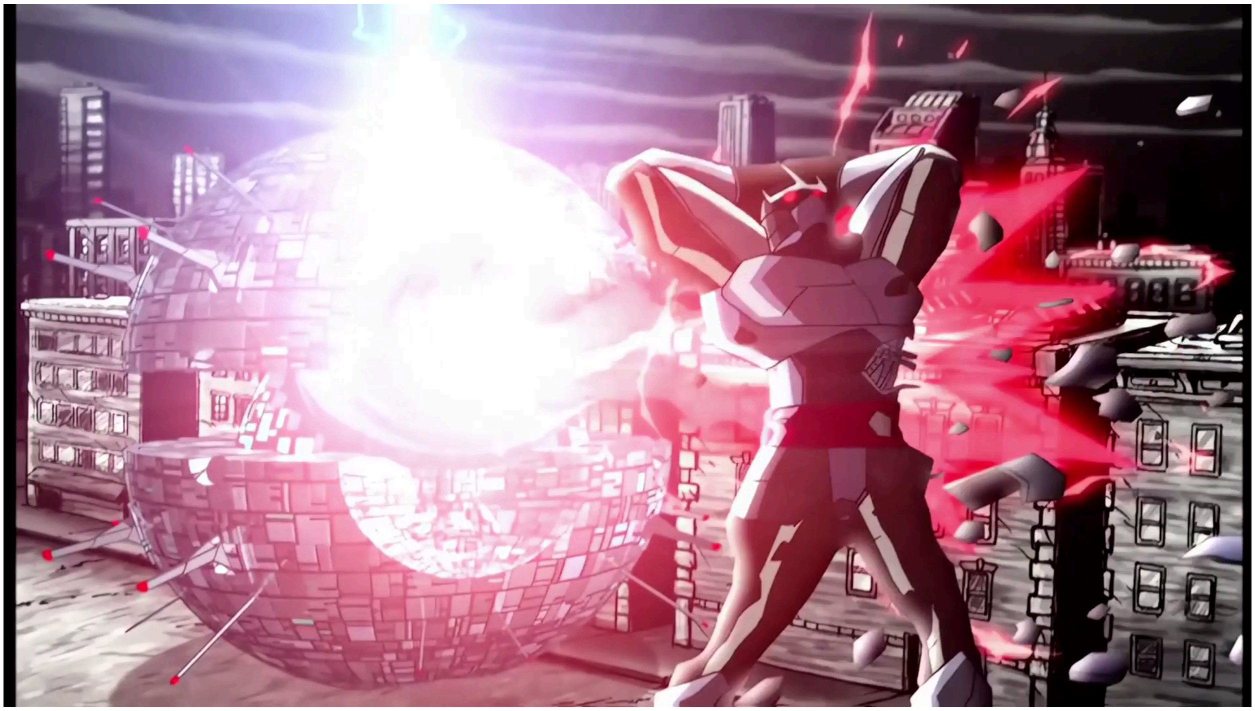
“Once more, Master Yoshi has been avenged,” declared ‘03 Splinter.

‘87 Splinter nodded. “Indeed he has, my friend,” he agreed.

BACK OUTSIDE…

“I’ll—” began Utrom Shredder, right as the beam started firing again. “***AAAAAAGH!!***”

Piece by piece, he was being utterly, totally decimated, fried, as he convulsed from the continuous crackling energy which bombarded his very being.

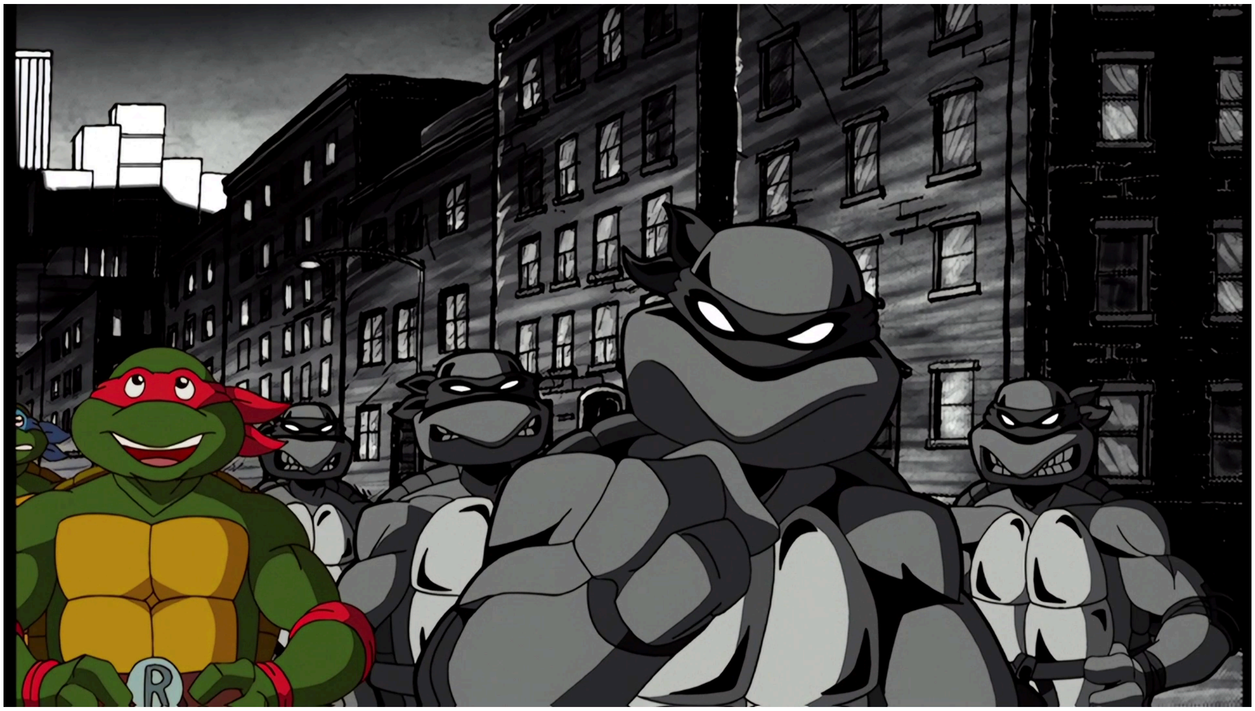


“No…***NO!***” he howled as he was being decimated. “I will not…I am—***NOOOOOOOO!***”

…and with a flash of spectacular energy, the Utrom Shredder was gone! Wiped clean, as if…he never were.

Stunned looks turned to ones of utter joy, as the world began to repair itself around them.

As everyone smiled, from ear to ear, both Splinters emerged from the Technodrome and stood atop the rim, triumphant.



“The Shredder…has been Splintered,” remarked Prime Leo.

“What’s that thing you guys say?” commented Prime Raph. “…Cowabunga.”

“Not bad, *compadre*!” Michelangelo responded.

***UP NEXT:* The Big Finish, Dudes!**

Chapter 12:
Turtle Power!

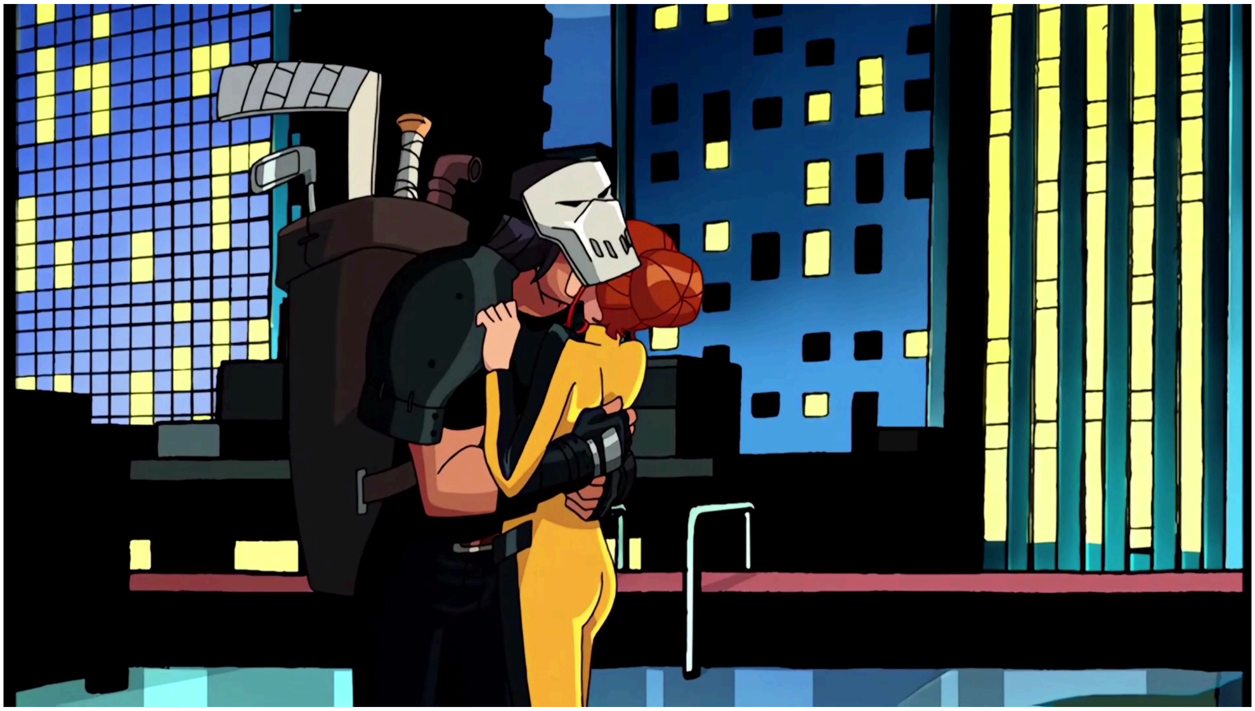
Buildings, bridges, and everything that was decimated by the Technodrome was reforming before their eyes, as though it was being magically redrawn, and within minutes, things were basically back to normal.

“I’d say Turtle Prime is healing up rather nicely,” commented Donatello. “Granted, a couple of minor universes didn’t get restored, but in their places, some new universes were spawned!”

“It seems the dimensional damage was only temporary, so long as Turtle Prime survived!” explained Don. “So, in theory…”

“Our world…is healing too?” suggested Leo.

Donatello smiled, gesturing to the Portal Rod. “I know a fun way to find out!” he declared, pressing a button on the side, causing it to project a window to Earth-03. Through it, our heroes could see that all the damage was being undone, to buildings, to vehicles, and to people! Especially two in particular!



“Casey!” Raph beamed, as he saw the two happily embrace on the rooftop. “April!”

‘87 April did a double-take. “…wait, *that’s* their Casey?” she blurted. “I wonder…” she pondered for a few seconds, then shrugged. “Naaah, not in a million years!”

Michelangelo couldn’t help but chuckle at the thought.

“Awright, show’s over!” Raph said as he turned off the projection, before he spun around and found himself face to face with his Prime counterpart.

“You ever step foot in our dimension again?” Prime Raph growled. “I‘ll shish-kabob ya.”

Raph swallowed heavily. “…is *he* how ya see *me*?” he asked Mikey.

“Yup,” nodded Mikey. “Cap’n Grumpy McGrumperson, Esquire!”

Raph sighed. “I’ve got some soul-searchin’ ta do…” he remarked.

“Leonardo, seriously, for your own good, you bros should lay off the dimension-hopping business,” insisted Prime Leo. “It‘s dangerous.”

“Bros?” Leo asked, surprised…but happy. “We’re bros!” he beamed to his counterparts, but when they looked back…the Prime Turtles had left the scene.

“Now *that’s* what I call a ninja vanish!” remarked Raphael.

“And I think we’d best do the same,” said Leonardo.

“Hey, what about your new look?” asked Mikey.

“Eh, it’ll wear off once we get home, and that goes for the Technodrome’s makeover, too,” replied Donatello. “…what about your Shredder? Think he’s really gone for good this time?”

“The Shredder is seldom gone for long,” sighed Splinter. “And never for good.”

“While he may return in *some* form,” said Karai. “I will use the identity for better purposes. Just because I was devoted to my father does not mean I had to blindly follow without asking questions.”

“Well, when *I* get back, it’ll be right back to business as usual, you meddlesome mutants!” declared ‘87 Shredder. “Since the world is safe, that means it’s just waiting for me to conquer it!”

“And rest assured, it‘ll be US who gets the last laugh!” Krang added, as he and Shredder ran for the Technodrome.

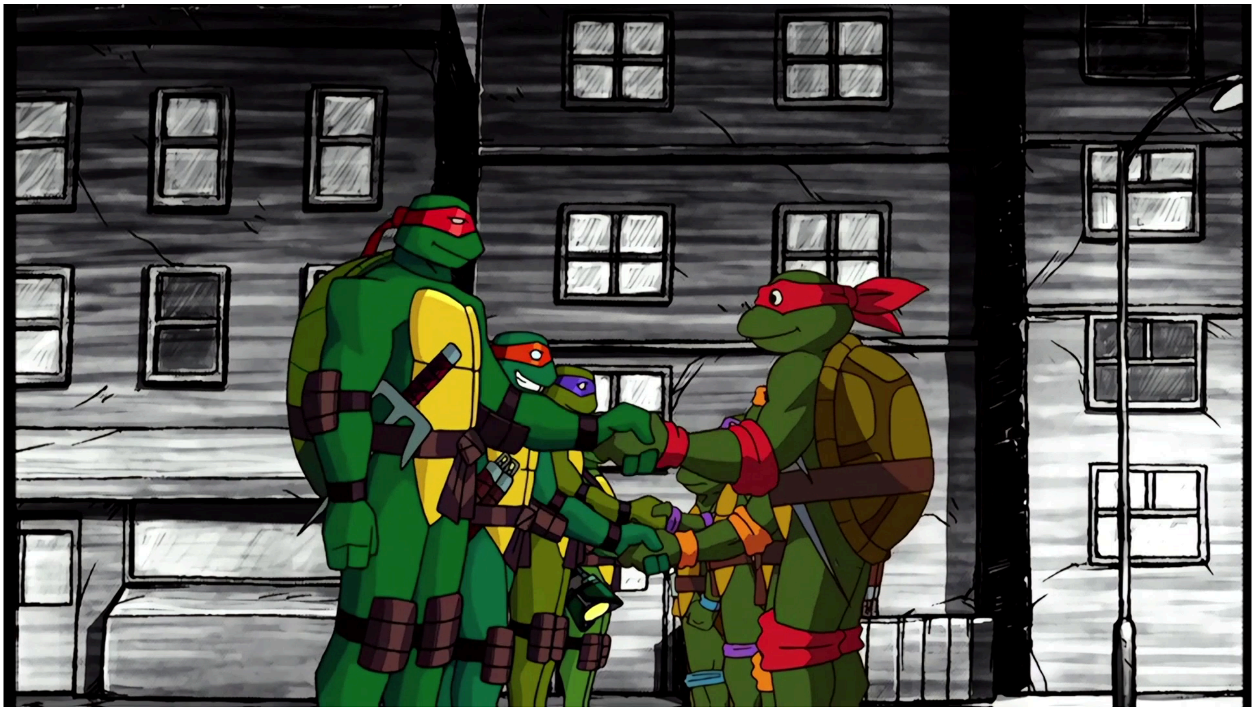
Bebop and Rocksteady were running behind them.

“Take us wit’ you!” cried Bebop.

“We said we wuz sorry!” insisted Rocksteady as they both scurried up the gangplank. Of course, seconds after, Dr. Chaplin went flying out and landed nearby.

“Well, that‘s our cue,” declared Leonardo. “Looks like we‘ve got our adventures and you‘ve got yours!”

And so, both Turtle teams shared one last group handshake between themselves. “Take care of yourselves, my brothers,” said Leo.



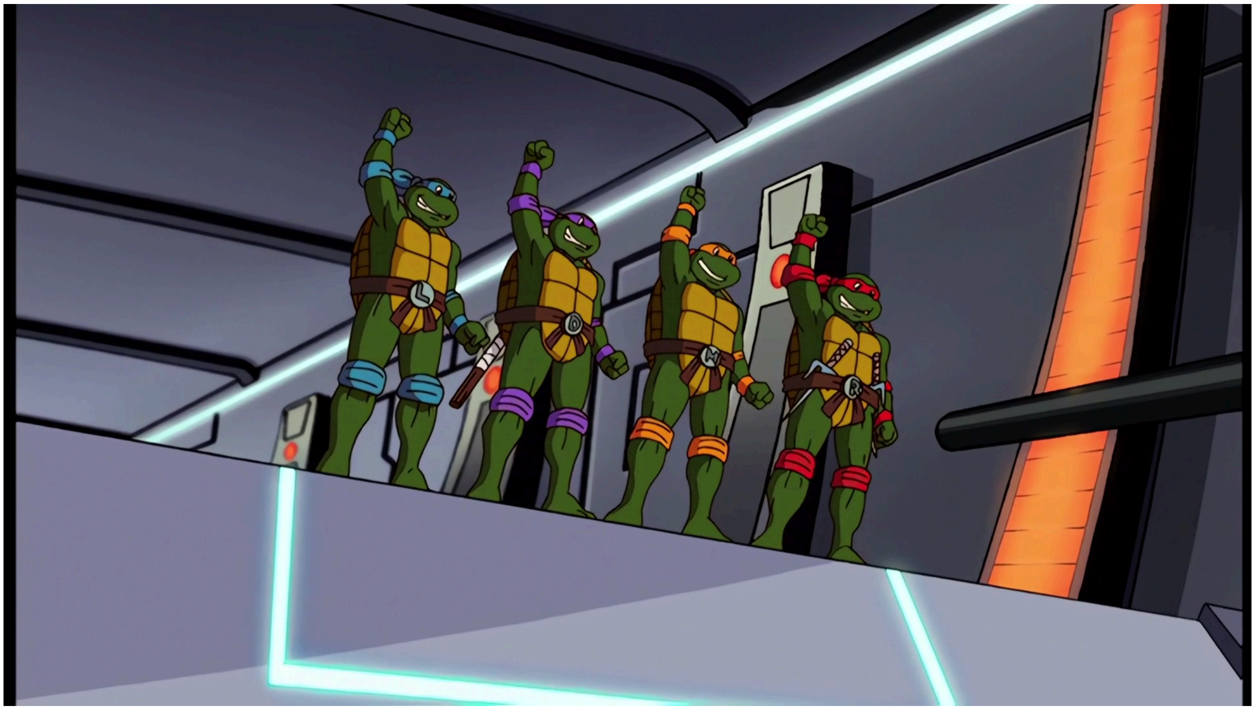
“Hasta la vista, Michelangelo!” exclaimed Mikey.

“Later, dude,” replied Michelangelo. “It was cool meeting you.”

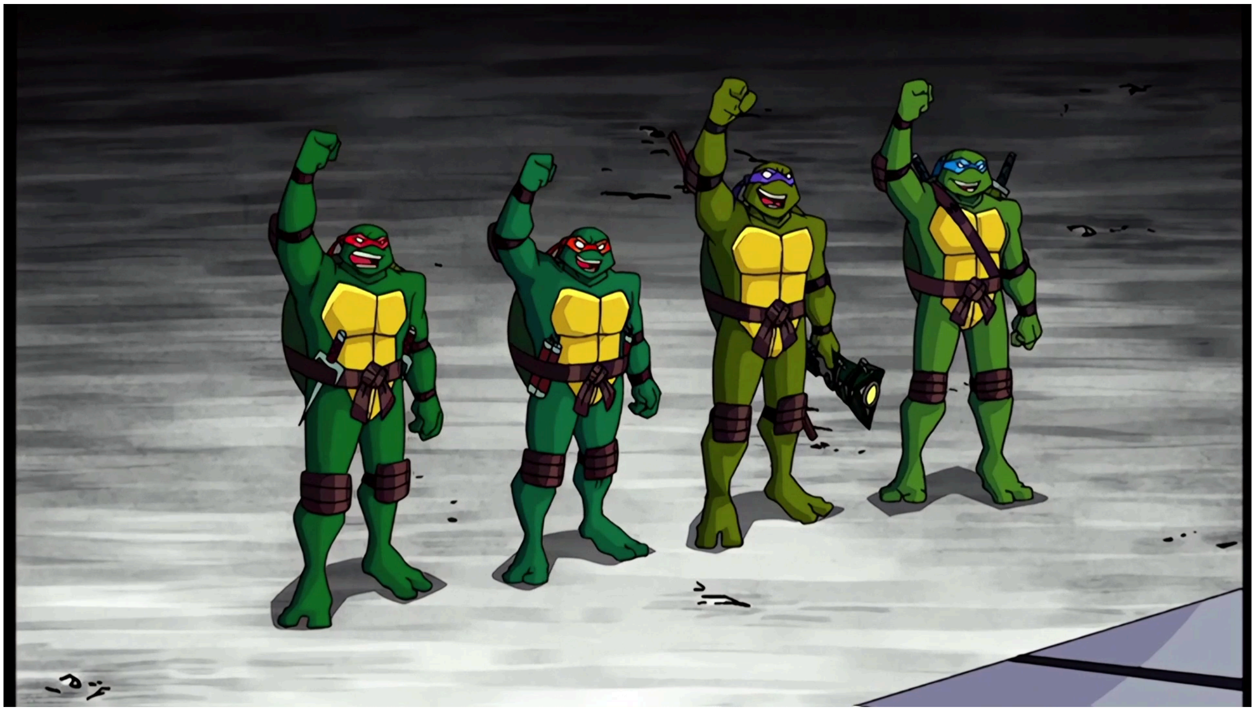
And so, with April and Irma in tow, the Turtles of Earth-87 rushed up the gangplank, but turned back to face their dimensional brothers.

“...ah, what the shell,” shrugged Raphael. “Between you and me, I think they’ve earned it.”

They each put one fist in the air. “***IT’S NINJA TIME!!***” they exclaimed.



Touched by this, the Turtles of Earth-03 put their fists skyward. “***TURTLE POWER!!***” they declared.



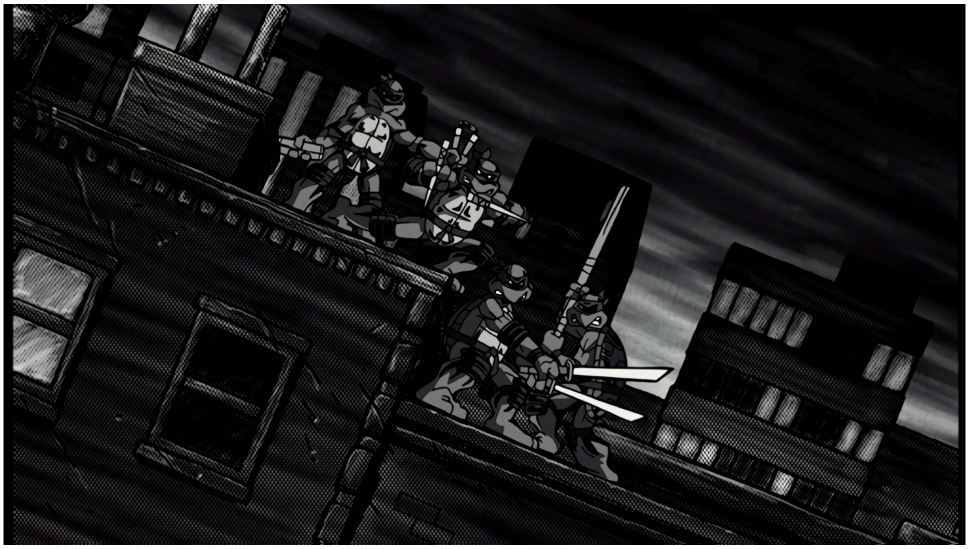
And so, the gangplank closed shut, and the Technodrome vanished!

“I’m gonna miss those yahoos,” remarked Raph. “...I mean it.”

“Shall we, then?” asked Dr. Chaplin.

“Let’s!” Don replied, as he activated the Portal Rod, and they all vanished—zapped back to their own universe.

From up above, on a nearby rooftop, the Prime Turtles watched this little farewell play out.



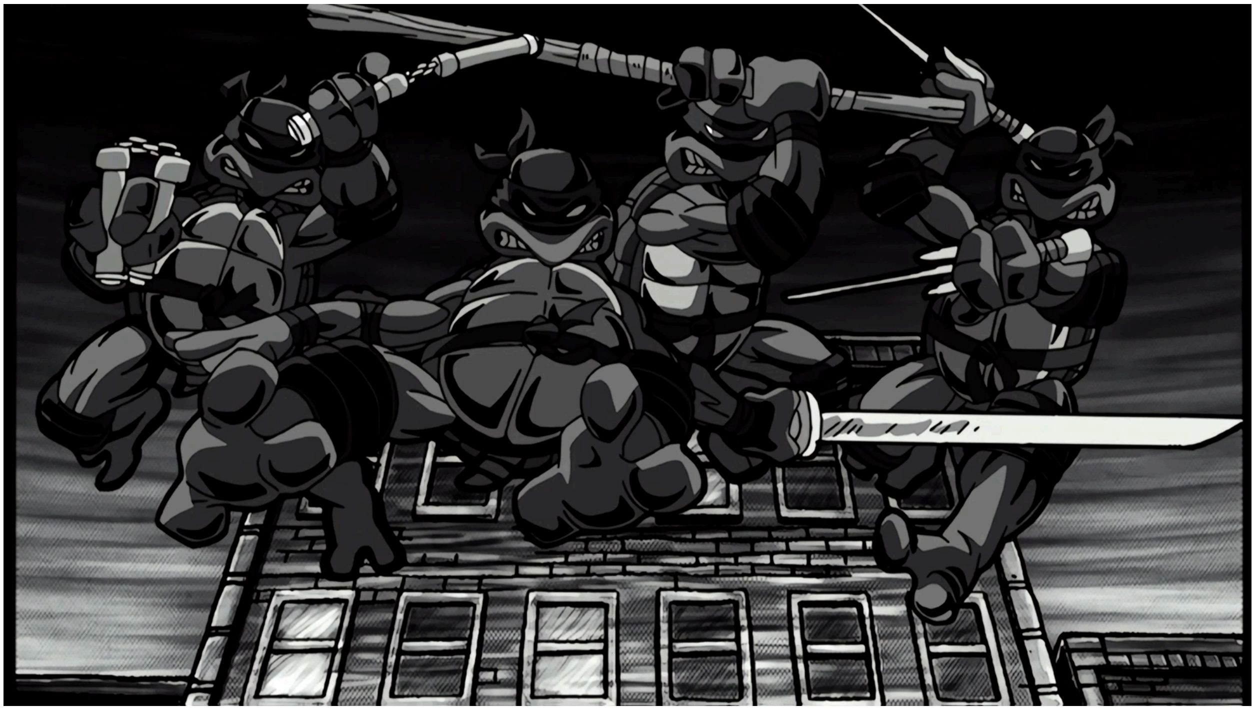
“I‘m gonna miss those wannabes,” said Prime Don.

“Yeah…” agreed Prime Mike. “And I kinda dug the initials on the belt buckles.”

Prime Raph bapped his brother on the head. “You *would*,” he remarked, before he shrugged. “Could go for a slice, though.”

Prime Leo smiled. “I know a place on Bleeker,” he replied. “Race you!”

And together, they took off, bounding over the rooftops, ready to take on the world.



We are the **Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles**...

We strike hard and fade away...into the night!

EPILOGUE:
First Printing

ELSEWHERE, WORLDS AWAY…IN OUR WORLD, TO BE PRECISE!
BUT IN THE YEAR 1984…

In an art studio, in a living room, located somewhere in Northampton, Massachusetts, this was a two-page spread on a drawing board.

“I think the first issue is coming along rather well,” said one voice. “Don‘t you, Kev?”

“Sure do, Pete,” replied Kev. “Let‘s get back to it after lunch!”

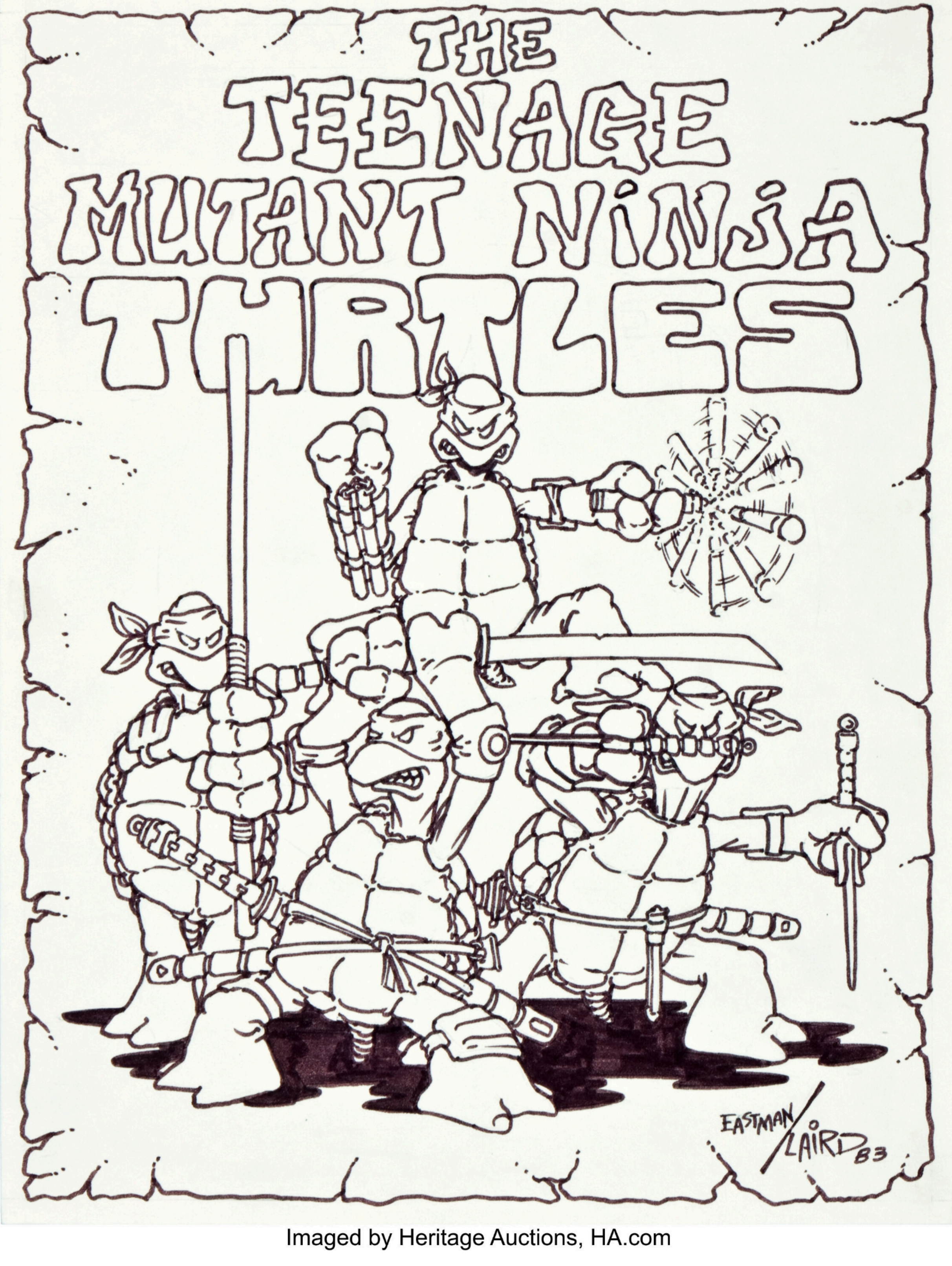
So, the two men headed out the door.

“Pizza?” asked Kev.

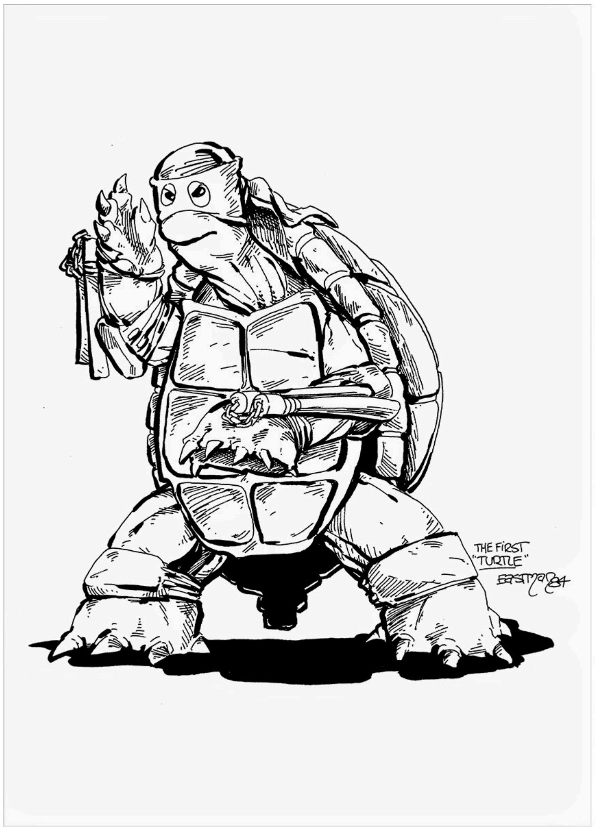
“Yeah, pizza!” replied Pete. “…ah, I sure hope this thing sells.”

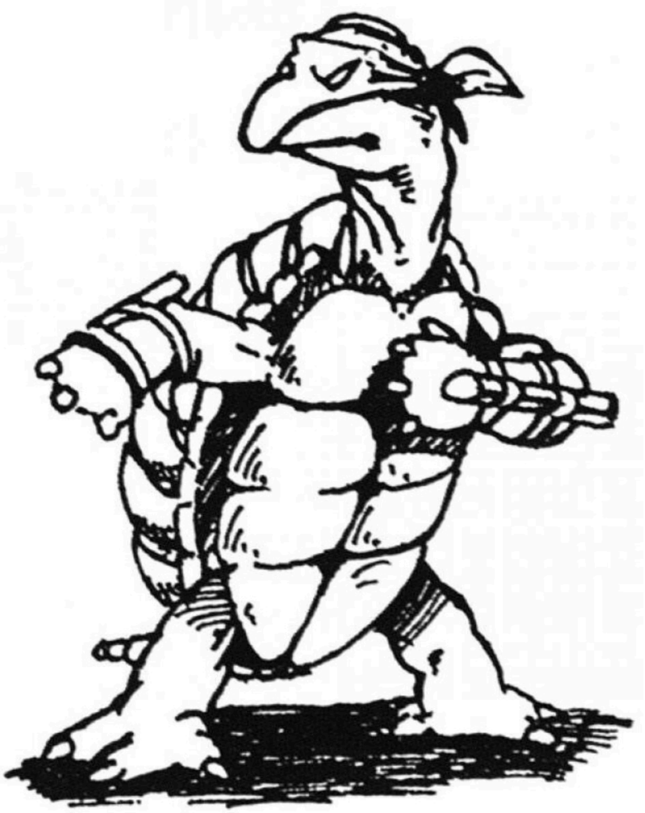
“Yeah, I was thinking the same thing,” agreed Kev, and they both left the room.

And to think…it all started from a few funny doodles!


THE
TEENAGE
MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
EASTMAN/LAIRD 83

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com


THE FIRST "TURTLE"
EASTMAN 84



Cowabunga, indeed.

For them, it's a beginning.

But from here, it's…

THE END, DUDES!

Hope you all enjoyed the ride. Now for the credits. Merry Christmas, compadres!

For 15 years, we trained without distraction...

Based on characters created by
KEVIN EASTMAN and PETER LAIRD

Now it's time for ninja kick-butt action!

Directed by
ROY BURDINE
LLOYD GOLDFINE

Try to find a place, but we dunno where we're headed; all we know for sure is: DON'T WANNA GET SHREDDED!

Written by
ROB DAVID
MATTHEW DRDEK
LLOYD GOLDFINE
MITCH FLETCHER
JAMTARO KUJO

The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!

Supervising Producer
LLOYD GOLDFINE

(The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!)

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles—Shell-shock, time to rock!

Executive Producers
GARY RICHARDSON
FREDERICK U. FIERST
ALFRED R. KAHN
NORMAN J. GROSSFELD

Creative directors
PETER LAIRD
MITCH FLETCHER
JAMTARO KUJO
JACK COLLINS

Never see us coming; never know what hit you...

Executive in charge of production
CAROLE WEITZMAN
Producer
SARAH C. NESBITT
Senior production manager
ABRAHAM LOPEZ

We practice Teenage-Mutant-Turtle-Stealth-Ninjitsu!

Editor/Post Associate Producer
RICHARD KRONENBERG
Sound design and Mixing Engineer
JON DICKSON
Post Animation and Effects Supervisor
RYAN KELLY
Music Producer/Music Editor
MICHAEL BRADY

Keepin' to the shadows, where we walk among ya; when it's time to strike, it's "COWABUNGA!"

Lead Character Designer
ADRIAN MARQUEZ BARRIOS
Design supervisor
KEITH R. CONROY
Color Supervisor
REGINALD W. BUTLER
Background Colorist
JIMMY TRAN
Character and Prop Colorist
EMILIO LOPEZ

The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles! (The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!) Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!

Post Animation & Effects
PAUL J. BACCASH
ROBERT BRUCE
Graphics
KANA HASHIMOTO
JENNIFER OBROTKA

(Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles!)—

IT'S A WHOLE NEW SHELL GAME...

[Begin: ***"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Theme" by D.C. Brown and Chuck Lorre***]

Storyboards
ANDREW BRADSHAW
MICHAEL BORKOWSKI
RIC HOBERG
LARRY HOUSTON
ED LAROCHE
WILL MEUGNIOT
EDWIN T. NEBRES
ABIGAIL NESBITT
MATTHEW PETERS
DAVID RODRIGUEZ
RAFAEL ROSADO
THOMAS RYDER III
ROBERT SUAREZ
CLINT TAYLOR
JOSE ANDRES VELASCO
DARCY VORHEES
MICHAEL WETTERHAHN

Storyboard Revisionists
BOB SUAREZ
ANDREW BRADSHAW
ABIGAIL NESBITT

EMILIO LOPEZ
RICK LACEY
STEPHEN DeSTEFANO
MICHAEL WETTERHAHN

Design Coordinator
MICHAEL IMPOLLONIA

Character Designers
DANNY KAMANYEN
KHARY RANDOLPH
EMILIO LOPEZ
IRA TUREK
PETER CHUNG
ROGERIO
GEORGE GOODCHILD

Background and Prop Designers

ELLIOT BYRNE
ANDREW BRADSHAW
GIDEON KENDALL
KEITH GARDINER
MATTHEW ROBINSON

Background Ink and Digital Clean-up
AMANDA BAER-FULLER
CHRISTOPHER BEAUMONT
GRACE LU
JOHN CZOP
JOE INFURNARI

Timing Supervisor
RAY KOSARIN

Timing Assistant
JANET BENN

Production Assistant
LEKECIA GRAY

Color Assistant
CARL LI

Sheet Timing
RICHARD BOWMAN
BARBARA DOURMASHKIN
RAY KOSARIN
MICHAEL LYMAN
RON MYRICK
BOB NESLER
JK KIM
MITCH ROCHON
WOODY YOCUM

Mouth Exposures
ERIK PETERSON

Voice Directors
ERIC STUART
DARREN DUNSTAN
JON DICKSON
SUE BLU

Starring the voices of

Michael Sinterniklaas
Leonardo
Wayne Grayson
Michelangelo
Sam Riegel
Donatello
Gregory Abbey
Raphael
Darren Dunstan
Splinter
Marc Thompson
Casey Jones
Veronica Taylor
April O'Neil
Scottie Ray
The Shredder

Brian Drummond
Ch'rell
Greg Carey
Hun
Karen Neill
Karai
Zachary Mastoon
Dr. Chaplin
Terrence Archie
Silver Sentry
Lisa Ortiz
Ananda

AND ALSO STARRING...

Cam Clarke
1987 Leonardo/Rocksteady
Barry Gordon
1987 Donatello/Bebop
Rob Paulsen
1987 Raphael
Townsend Coleman
1987 Michelangelo
Renae Jacobs
1987 April O'Neil
Peter Renaday
1987 Splinter
James Avery
1987 Shredder
Patrick Fraley
Krang
Jennifer Darling
Irma

Yuri Lowenthal
1984 Leonardo
Andy Milder
1984 Michelangelo
Jason Marsden
1984 Donatello

Charlie Schlatter
1984 Raphael
William E. Martin
1984 Shredder

Additional Voices
Adam Caroleson
Sean Schemmel
Matthew Piazza

Composers
Elik Alvarez
Rusty Andrews
John Angier
Mark Breeding
Lou Courtelezzi
Joel Douek
Matt McGuire
John Petersen
Pete Scaturro
Ralph Schuckett
Freddy Sheinfeld
John Siegler
John Van Tongeren
Russel Velazquez
DC Brown

"**S.K.B.N.A.**"
written by John Siegler & Lloyd Goldfine

"**Heroes in a Half-Shell**"
written by Dennis C. Brown and Chuck Lorre

"**Back to the Sewer**"
written by Russell Velazquez

Animation by
DONGWOO Animation Co. Ltd.

Producer
Maria Hae Ran Ha

Supervising Directors
Jong Sik Nam, Tae Ho Han, Sang Yong Um

Layout
Byoung Seok Lee
In Sick Um
Tae Moon Moon
Won Yong Seong
Kyung Soo Lee
Tae Geun Ahn
Ju Hyun Lee
Hyung Jin Lim
Hoon Jung

[begin instrumental of *Back to the Sewer* theme]

Key Animation
Eun Sin Seo
Kyung Hee Min
Hyun Kook Kang
Jung Ha Seo
Yong Ho Lee
Wong Seo
Sun Kyung Choi
Do Hyun Kim
Kyung Min Kim
Hye Ryung Lee
Sun Hee Jung
Dae Young Lee
Sung Jin Seo
Sung Chun Seo
Kwang Min Ku
Yun Jin Sung
Da In Kim
Min Kyu Kim
Kyung A Jang
Eun Jung Lee
Gi Yeop Kim

Jae Young Park
Myung Ho Kim

Directors
Young Soo Kim
Seung Jun Jung
Tae Moon Moon
Seong Soo Yook
Won Yong Seong
Woo Yong Jung
Jae Eui Kwak
Woong Lim
Young Hee Sim
Jae Ha Yu
Jae Jung Lee
Chi Man Park
Seok Ahn
Chan Young Park
Ju Hyun Lee
Hyung Seok Jang
Seung Hyuk Choi

Model Checking
Hyun Jin You
Soon Ja Jung
Young Hun Kim
Hyun Ju Song
Soon Ok Park
Mi Kyung Kim
Mi Jung Han

Inbetween
Hyun Jon Yoo
Gwi Young Kim
Nak Soo Choi
Jin Seok Song
Ji Hye Yang
Jung Hee Lee
Soo Kyung Park

Ok Joo Kim
Jae Yun Jung
Sang Hee Ok
Hye Sung Lee
Seung Ok Choi
Soon Cheol Choi

Final Checking
Jin Namkung

Color Stylist
Jung-Sei Park

Ink and Paint
Soo in Choi
Soon Nam Kim
Ok Ja Yu
Hang Kyun Lim
Sung Keum No
Hye Kyung Kim
Kang In Kim
Jung Hwa Lee
Seung Hee Oh
Hee Jin Kim
Kyoung Sook Kim

Color Backgrounds
Bo Youl Choi
Kyung Ae Park
Ji Ae Hwang
Kyung Sun Park
Ga Young Lee
Geum Hee Lee
Chun Hee Kim
Hyun Soo Kim
Jung Eun Jang
Sun Jin Choi
Nam Woo Kang
Yong Jung Kim

Eun Ha Lee
Yun Sook Lee
Gwang Ja Park
Soon Cheol Choi
Hee Jung Shin
Sook Young Han
Gil Yong Park
Hye Young Kim
Hye Ran Song
Young A Son
Kyoung Sook Park
Tae Hyun Kim

3D Graphics
Nam-Seok Yoon
Jung-Jun Park
Min-Kyung Kim
Kyung-Dong Moon

Scan
Min Yong Yu
Mi Ok Jeon
Kwang Chan Park
Min Seol Kim

Camera
Tae Hee Huh
Dong Pil Ku
Hee Chang Kang
Hye Won Seo
Jong Su Yoon
Kang Ok Kim
Ju Hee Yang
Soo Jung Yang
Eun Kyu Choi
Cheol Ho Sim
Deok Kyu Choi
Hae Jin Kim
In Bum Jung

Production Managers
Dong Hunun You
Ji Hyun Kim
Jung Jae Lee
Seung Won Nam
Hun Jae Lee
Sera Lee

[*finally, I think I'm through all those Korean names…phew!*]

Post Production Supervisor
Sarah Nesbitt

[*start shortened version of the 2003 theme song*]

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles…Turtles, count it off!

Recording Engineers
Dominick Barbera
Michael Knoblauch
Ron London
Alon Namdar
Joseph Shalack

Foley Editor
David Leaver

Additional Sound Design
Ron London

1! *Leonardo's always in control…*
2! *The wiseguy is…Michelangelo!*

Recording Studios
4Kids Productions, Inc.

Additional ADR
Lemon Krasny

Talent Coordinator
Damian Van Denburgh

3! *Donatello, he's the brains of the bunch…*
4! *Count on Raphael to throw the first punch!*

Animatic Editors
Samuel Borne
Joseph Donnelly

Track Reading
Dale Berry

Assistant Editors
Abel Bautista
David Etzold
Denitsa Zahariev

Special Thanks
Dan Berger
Ryan Brown
Michael Dooney
Jim Lawson
Steve Lavigne
Dean Clarrain
Ciro Nieli
Andy Suriano
Kevin Eastman
Freddie E. Williams II
Stan Sakai
Eric Talbot
Roland Gonzalez
Rosemary Reeve
David Wise
Peter Chung
Fred Wolf
Jack Collins
Zarius [you're a big inspiration, dude!]

…and you, the fans who all helped make this happen.
May your pizzas always stay warm.

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Rewritten version © 2024 Viacom International, Inc.
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I love bein' a
[I love bein' a…]
I love bein' a Turtle!

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES! [Turtles...Turtles...]

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1984—2024
40th Anniversary
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

Say it with me now, folks…

"***I LOOOOVE BEIN' A TURTLE!***"

Merry Christmas/Happy Hanukkah/Festivus for the Rest of Us, Turtles Fans! It was one shell of a ride getting to this point, but boy, was it worth the effort! Honestly, with this being done, I can finally put this behind me and not have to be so mad about the existence of **Turtles Forever*****, because now I have my own, improved version I can look back on whenever I feel like it.***

Now that this is finished, I'll be able to focus on my other projects—which I would love for you guys to read and review, okay? Stick around for the fun during the rest of the year, y'know?

...and the year to come.

MIRAGE
4KIDS ENTERTAINMENT
25th ANNIVERSARY
1984 2009
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES
FRED WOLF FILMS

What the Shell is Going On?

In this truly turtle-powered tale, the turtles from one dimension meet the turtles from another dimension after a teleporting mishap occurs. Total culture shell-shock!

Meanwhile, Shredder tracks down his counterpart, Ch'rell, who devises a master plan to travel back to the Prime Universe to get rid of *all* turtles!

Can the 2 sets of Terrapins get over their differences and save the entire Turtles multiverse from a bigger, badder-than-ever Shredder?

With a more accurate portrayal of the 1987 Turtles, all-new extended scenes, plus screencaps from the movie, Turtletarians are in for one shell of a good time with this page-turner!

FLETCHER/KUJO

TURTLES FOREVER: THE MOVIE NOVELIZATION